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M. Carpenter

ABBOT ACADEMY · 1941

THE 1941 CIRCLE

Abbot Beautiful

O Abbot beautiful, guide of our youth,
Girded with sacrifice, lighted with truth,
Thee will thy daughters praise, all else above:
O Abbot beautiful, mother we love!

O Abbot beautiful, memories dear
Thrill through our hearts as they turn to thee here:
Mother, whose tenderness, wisdom and power
Constant have guarded us, e'en to this hour!

Here were sweet friendships born, here visions true,
Here purpose steadfast to dare and to do,
Here did we consecrate life to the best,
O Abbot beautiful, at thy behest.

O Abbot beautiful, Mother so dear!
Now as we gather to sing to thee here,
Strengthen our loyalty, help us to prove
O Abbot beautiful, worthy thy love.

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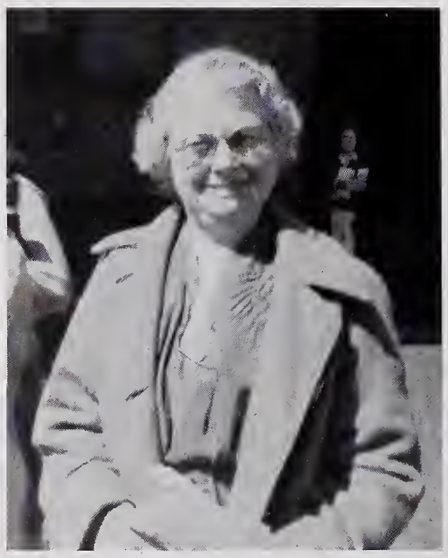
ABBOT ACADEMY • ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

To Our Miss Robinson

BECAUSE of her deep affection for our school, her endless knowledge of Latin, her devotion to it and enjoyment of it; because of her outstanding ability as a teacher; but mostly because of her interest in us as individuals—those evening conferences in the quiet of her room when her sympathy, kindly advice and encouragement gave us back our confidence in ourselves—we, the Class of 1941, dedicate this book to

Miss Robinson



Helen T. Robinson

117309

WHILE newspapers and radios sputter tidings of bombs, blazes, and blitzkriegs, for some the beauty in life is choked and crushed. Yet for us it still endures, rich and full. Beauty is where you find it—in flaming leaves, in the soothing patter of rain, in gleaming snow. Yes, and in the amazing revelations of fine minds, too, in the striving for achievement and eventual realization of it, in relationships with friends, both faculty and student, in the exhilaration of creative thinking—there is

Beauty

in Work

"Guide of Our Youth"

Marguerite Capen Hearsey
Principal
A.B., M.A., Ph.D.

Charming, cheery, soothing voice...smiling sport...driver's license (?)...*au revoir* but not good-bye..."Miss Hearsey, to you our hearts belong"

PERHAPS we wax a bit sentimental when we dub our Principal and our faculty "guide of our youth," but we are so truly aware at all times of their influence and friendship that such a designation is, in fact, appropriate. Their corridor parties where cokes and corn cakes abound, their community radios, their daily scouting tours to trace down the inevitable "pussies," and the resulting comments tucked coyly in our blotters, all form a pattern of Abbot life we will never forget. We will long value their interest, their wisdom, their table conversation spiced with humor and news, and their confidence in us. But most of all we will remember absorbing class discussions when we became initiated into that stimulating process of thinking for ourselves, and where we learned to respect the ideas of others.

Ever Ready—By Day . . .

And By Night

Administrative Staff

MORNING periods are routine. "Office Hours" after lunch create a continual dither of "week-end permissions" signing in, signing out, telephone, telegraph and "rec" room music. Genial groups crowding for sitting space on the radiator, mail followed by feminine shrieks "At last, I got one," or, "Hand me the cloth; dust is gathering in my box... "Why were you absent from Choral?"—all these activities and words are part of the administrative offices and of Abbot life.

JEAN HOPE BAYNES
Financial Secretary

Coiffure and clothes, loyalty to England and tea, Baronial and budget, personality prevails.

GRACE GOODMAN
Office Assistant

Sparkle in the eyes, pint size, close clipped coiffure, animated conversation with an English twang.

BARBARA HUMES
Assistant to the Principal

Supreme gray convertible, laugh and smile, guardian of the special packages, blind-date bureau.

GERTRUD RATH, A.B., M.A.
Assistant to the Principal

Southern hospitality, "Gacku," running here and there, plaid skirt, week-end slips, dachshunds.

LOUISE ROBINSON
Assistant Financial Secretary

Chancellor of the exchequer, enlightener of perplexed treasurers, "Kindly come to the office," bookstore.

MARGARET SNOW, A.B.
Librarian

Sewing and knitting, perpetual patience, puns and fun, library consultant, Maine and cottage.

English and History

AFTER delving into literary realms from Chaucer to contemporaries, we engaged in lively class discussions and were inspired to produce masterpieces. History took on new significance this year in view of the whirlwind of passing events from the presidential election to the Nazi expansion. Yet we toiled over charts, increase and decrease of Royal Authority, tariffs and embargoes, and we still continued to get our dates hopelessly mixed.

ALICE SWEENEY, A.B.
Director of Studies, English

Clothes designing, keeping *Courant* under control, interviews and college concerns.

DOROTHEA WILKINSON
English

What the well-dressed woman wears, love of the English poets, brown eyes and low voice, Odeon's intellectual.

LUCILE BURDETTE TUTTLE, A.B.
English

Homestead commuter, "Good morning, girls," good nature, wealth of stories about India, "Oh no, really?", pianist for half year, smile.

M. DOROTHY BAKER
English

Folk songs and dances, "Oh, really," energy and vitality, English lady, poetry lover.

CATHERINE JANE SULLIVAN, A.B.
Remedial Reading, Psychology

Day-scholar meetings, study-hall closet, home every night, azure dream car, "today the pound will be open."

LAURA HUNTINGTON SMITH, A.B., M.A.
History, Problems of Democracy

Sweaters, skirts, and saddles, professor of "All the News That's Fit to Print," appetite, charts, outlines, and dates.

Math and Science

HILARIOUS classes in which Miss Tucker brought to life molecules and their little playfellows, the atoms, consumed two periods a day. Scientific theories as well as brand new nylon stockings were unraveled before our very eyes. Physics class, with Mrs. Poland in command, wrangled theories and laws. The mysteries of plants, stars and electricity were revealed. Hyperbolas, parabolas, triangles and polygons formed a maze of math, but guided by Miss Hancock, all found their proper places which we hope they will keep.

Isabel Maxwell Hancock, A.B.
Mathematics

Striking ensembles, Southern drawl, a twinkle and a wink, crowning glory, "sweet dreams."

Mrs. Roberta Gilmore Poland, A.B., M.A.
Physics, General Science, Mathematics

Mentor through Math maze or Physics haze, the eternal case of the window-stick, inexhaustible patience, clad in beige polo coat.

Eleanor Morin Tucker, A.B., M.A.
Chemistry, Mathematics

Test tubes and formulas, Chem genius, two-period exams, friendliness and likability, jackets and skirts.

Art and Bible

DOWNSTAIRS, Tuesdays and Thursdays, a number of students sat around two long tables, learning the fundamentals of art and architecture. Upstairs in spick and span studio, many young artists sketched while Miss Hatch kept busy running to John-Esther and back. Orchids to her for the grand exhibits this year. Mr. Gibbons held interesting discussions along with stacks of thought books.

Mary Gay
History and Appreciation of Art

Good nature, patience in teaching thos earchitectural fundamentals. encyclopedia of grand stories and experiences, aid to L.B.A.

Mary Mills Hatch
Painting, Drawing, Modelling

Elongated week ends, bangs and up hair-do, imaginative genius, spirit, pep, and fun, the inspiration of our hopeful artists.

Brainard F. Gibbons, B.S., F.D., B.D.
Bible

Weighed down with thought books, black coupe, petite wife, debates and inspirations.

Languages

THERE have been those tables that make the dining room sound like a foreign-relations club, for issuing from them were heard queer conversations in French, German, and Spanish. These were just an overflow from the bubbling class rooms where we struggled with grammar and reading, from the rudiments up. Rules and idioms galore filled our brains along with the complexities of Latin. All these, no matter how bewildering, have left us dropping a "merci," "gracias," or "danke schön," as the case may be, with the greatest of ease.

HILDA RUBY BAYNES, B. es L.
French

Weather forecaster, "bonne nuit," friendly hospitality, reliable Republican, afternoon coffee.

HELENE M. CROOKS, A.B., M.A.
French

Literary sleeping potions, hair styles, daily jaunts downtown, "Vive la France".

ANNE RECHNITZER, Ph.D.
French, German

Hilarious tables, unrivaled sense of humor, excels in languages and skiing, parties plus personality, modernistic room.

HARRIET MCKEE, A.B., M.A.
Latin

"Little girl" of the faculty, wonderful sense of humor, always smiling and gay, daily treks around the circle.

HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, A.B.
Latin

Friendly felicity, promptness and neatness, "Let's have a little fresh air," Boston expeditions.

JUSTINA RUIZ
Spanish

Resplendent with mantillas and maracas, chuckle, trips to the fourth floor, humor a la Espana.

Music, Drama, and Speech

"MUSIC, music, everywhere" is a phrase applicable to Abbot's Music Department. No matter where you may be around the Abbot grounds, you can always hear strains of music either from the practice rooms, voice studios, or organ. Reading passages to attain poise, and grace, in the gentle art of becoming a lady, make up Mrs. Gray's popular classes. From the Art Gallery issue sounds of "Ohs" and "Ahs" as Miss Rogers takes a deep breath and conducts speech class.

KATE FRISKIN
Pianoforte, Theory of Music

Merry laughter, immaculate appearance, gaiety and poise, superb recitals, half-year vacation.

WALTER HOWE, B.M.
Choral Music, Pianoforte, Organ, Theory of Music

Spa treat for Fidelio radio stars, symphony orchestra, Christmas organ recital, tea, Mondays and Fridays.

GERTRUDE TINGLEY
Singing

Sympathy, interest, and understanding, renowned teas, hats and jewelry, humor.

MRS. BERTHA MORGAN GRAY
Dramatic Interpretation, Spoken English

Staunch loyalty, personality, faithful coach through thick and thin, Dickens' *Christmas Carol.*

VIRGINIA PAINE ROGERS, A.B.
Spoken English

Clear speech, happy disposition, cordiality, Miss Hearsey's double on Hallowe'en.

RAYMOND COON
Music

Expert painter as well as musician, sister-in-law, patient good humor, passing silently by.

Business Principles and Homemaking

FROM the lower part of Abbot Hall comes the click-clack of typewriter keys and the mutterings of compound-interest seekers. From the canary yellow kitchen waft tantalizing odors as Miss Dodge put the homemakers through their paces every Thursday. Their Boston excursions were foiled at every turn with the exception of our one fascinating venture to the silversmiths.

MARY ELAINE DODGE, A.B., B.H.S.
Household Science

Wavy hair, jade ring, green and red sweater, brave "fixer upper" of our cooking mishaps, "What I mean to say is..."

MRS. EUNICE MURRAY CAMPBELL, A.B.
Business Principles

Popular classes with "goodies," "Well, let's have a speed test today," smiles and blushes.

HOPE COOLIDGE, A.B., B.S.
House Superintendent

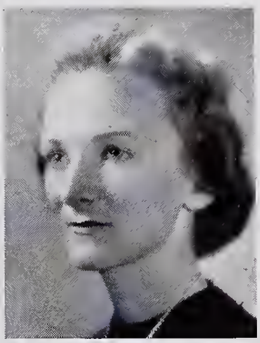
Connoisseur of the better things in life, buzzing here and there, welcome rec-room crasher, always happy.

Health and Physical Education

AFTERNOONS find us scampering to gym and rec room or in all directions, by car or on foot, for sports with Miss Carpenter and Miss Rhodes. Good posture, poise, grace and coordination come, in varying degrees, as a result of our efforts. Casualties, colds and cuts are mended and healed up quickly by our indefatigable Mrs. Duncan, who is so on the job that our ills are mostly gone before they come.

MARY CARPENTER, B.S.
Physical Education

Friend in need, skiing and riding expert, nicknames, popular table, absent-mindedness and surprises.



ROWENA LINCOLN RHODES
Physical Education Assistant

"Is there a doctor in the house?" diamond ring, "This will start you out," "My last dance class!"

MRS. HANNAH RICHMOND DUNCAN, R.N.
Resident Nurse

Smiling and sympathetic, pills and bills, "see me before chapel," bustling briskness, trips to Ipswich.

"Here Were Sweet Friendships Born"

Parlor for Privileged Few

LOUNGING on the radiator, dancing in the "rec room," airing the pros and cons of life, the world, and such, making conversation with our neighbors at mealtime, taking our walks for points and otherwise, sharing a history book, participating in a class project—all have inspired friendships. As large oak trees from little acorns grow, so friendships bud and blossom from these modest beginnings. And as the sturdy oak withstands winds and rains, so do friendships endure the bite of hasty words and thoughtless deeds. Soon blue gowns, red roses, blurry eyes, tearful adieux, or final farewells, will close a year, a tense, chaotic year for the world, yet for us a quieter struggle filled with effort, achievement and, best of all, friendship.

Senior Class Officers: *Hartwell*, *D. White*, *Jones*, President: *Philbin*

Senior Campus Commuters: Top Row—*Moody*, *Little*, *Mary Martin*, *Tyer*, *Selden*, *Poynter*. Front Row—*Grieco*, *Stott*, *Eccles*, *C. Hill*

HARRIET BEACH
47 Hillcrest Avenue
Summit, New Jersey
1939-41

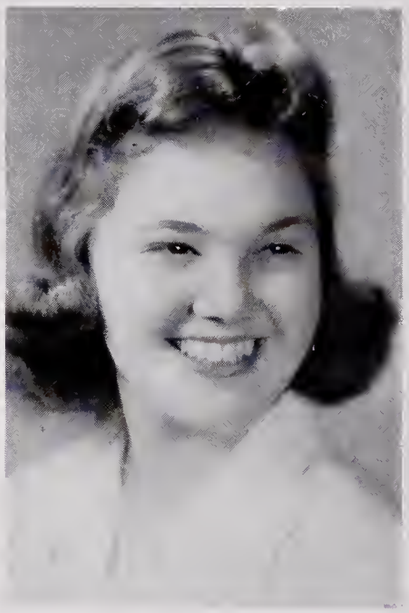
President Junior-Mid Class '40, Student Government '41, Gargoyle Hockey Team '41, Q.E.D. '41, Numerals '41.

"Beachie"...squeals and smiles... good humor..."how revolting"...work on a yellow sweater...laundry box surprises.

JOAN E. BELDEN
14 Willow Street
Southport, Connecticut
1940-41 *Skidmore College*

Odeon '41.

"Cast" for doubles...twinkling eyes ...aversion to slang...jolly "Joanie" ...affiliations with Williams...globe trotter.



JEANNETTE BIART
34 East Avenue
Norwalk, Connecticut
1939-41 *Wells College*

Fidelio '40, '41, Aeolian '40, '41, Choir '40, '41, Senior Play '41, Hallowe'en Party '40, Prom Committee '41.

Gaiety...budding bridesmaid...ups and downs...pathetic Senior doll... "Skip," to you..."What's the score?" ...hilLarryous...pert nose.

RUTH BONDY
6 Brookdale Avenue
New Rochelle, New York
1939-41 *Mt. Holyoke College*

Fidelio '40, '41, Chairman of Senior Dolls, Prom Decorating Committee '40, Aeolian '41, Senior Class Play '41, Griffin Entertainment '40.

Known for tact(ics)...letters from Taft ...our mademoiselle from New Rochelle ...weighty problems...novice knitter ...heart in stitches...physics slave.

BEVERLY BROOKS
18 East Hickory Street
Hinsdale, Illinois
1938-41 *Swarthmore College*

Fidelio '39, '40, Choir '39, '40, '41, Senior-Mid Plays '40, *Courant* '40, '41, Editor of *Courant* '41, Posture Marker '39, '40, Fencing Team '40, Cum Laude.

Lady of the high C's...black hair... black eyes...and honor roll...*Courant's* courageous editor...nimble fingers and fad for writing.

MIRIAM CALDER
2105 East 31st Place
Tulsa, Oklahoma
1938-41 *Kansas University*

Numerals '39, "A" Society '41, Bazaar Committee '40, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Senior Play '41, Draper Dramatics '40, Hiking Leader '41, Secretary A.A.A. '41, Odeon '39, '40, '41, President Odeon '41, Athletic Council '41.

"Mimi"...henna head..."hi chum" ...glowing geniality...history headaches...neatness and promptness... Oklahoma accent...early to rise... dickies, sweaters and jackets.

PHYLLIS JEAN CAMPBELL
8 William Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1937-41

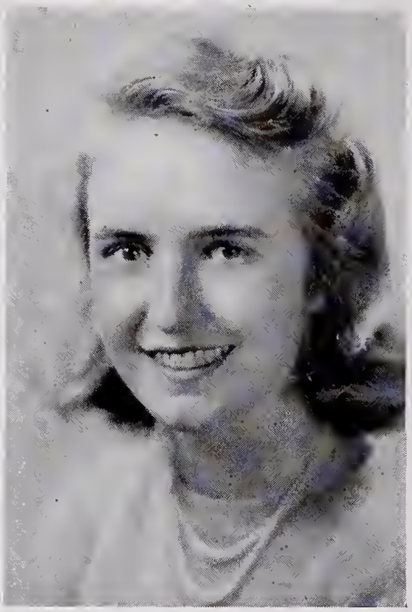
Vice-President Junior-Mid Class '38, Stage Manager Junior Plays '38, Numerals '39, Philomatheia '40, '41, President of Philomatheia '41, Fidelio '40, '41, Head of Archery '40, Day Scholar Representative A.C.A. '41, Posture Marker '40, Varsity Dance '40, Griffin Entertainment '40, Athletic Council '40, Abbot Bazaar Committee '39, '40, Day Scholars' Entertainment Committee '40.

Love "Doug" into her heart...always a smile...big hats...our Modern Dancer...visits to Connecticut...stenographic whiz...ebbing laughter.

JAYNE DAVEY
7 Tuxedo Road
Glen Ridge, New Jersey
1937-41 *New York School of Fine and Applied Arts*

L.B.A. '40, '41, Student Government '39, '40, Athletic Council '40, Head of Modern Dance '40, President Junior-Mid Class '40, President Prep Class '38, Numerals '39, Secretary-Treasurer Griffins '41, Vice-President L.B.A. '41.

Knack for knitting...excursions to the doctor...lustrous teeth...Archibald with similarities to the little man who wasn't there...blond wavy locks.



NANCY BARR ECCLES
Hidden Field
Andover, Massachusetts
1936-41 *Barnard College*

Prep Plays '36, Vice-President Junior Class '37, Junior Plays '37, Fidelio '37, '38, '39, '40, '41, Numerals '38, Senior-Mid Plays '39, "A" Society '39, Aeolian '39, '40, '41, Chevrons '40, '41, Hiking Leader '40, Secretary A.A.A. '40, Prom Decorating Committee '40, Draper Dramatics '40, Athletic Council '40, '41, President Aeolian '41, Head of Day Scholars '41, Head of Tennis '41, Student Government '41, Choir '41, Senior Play '41, Song Contest Committee '41, Varsity Tennis '41, Gargoyle Tennis Team '39, '40.

Our tennis champ...sun-tanned legs..."Gee-gad"...nifty figure...a true blonde...carefree air...music and singing.

MARY ELIZABETH ERKERT
High Point Road
Peoria, Illinois
1940-41 *MacMurray College*

Fidelio '41, Q.E.D. '41, Senior Play '41.

"Ziz"...lover of horses...curly locks and sparkling smile...passion for juvenile toys...Hank(ring) for steadiness..."doesn't make a diff of bitterence."

DOROTHY PERRY FISKE
15 Sutherland Road
Montclair, New Jersey
1939-41

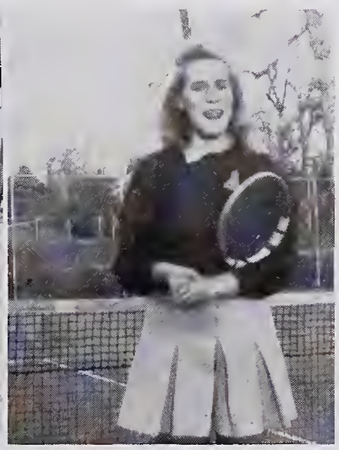
Student Government Representative '39, Song Committee '40, Senior-Mid Plays '40, A.C.A. Advisory Board '41, Yearbook Board '41, Numerals '41, Hiking Leader '41, Tennis Team Doubles '41, Fidelio '40, '41, Nominating Committee '39, '40, Christmas Party '41, *Courant* '41.

Rosy-nosed Skip . . . prize silly . . . headgears. . .unfulfilled destinies. . . afternoon naps. . .conscientiousness. . . Tuesday Red-Letter Day.

NANCY GERRISH
194 Warwick Road
Melrose, Massachusetts
1939-41 *Smith College*

Courant '40, '41, Business Manager *Courant* '41, Fidelio '41, Senior-Mid Play '40, Draper Dramatics '40, Numerals '41, Senior Play '41, Gargoyle Doubles Tennis Team '39, '40, Cum Laude.

"Nance"...from Winchester to Ohio ...double talk in low voice...craze for Chem...great Dane...Red cap..."a fine girl" but definitely...diminishing waistline.



ALDA GRIECO
9 Sherbourne Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1939-41 *Simmons College*

Posture Marker '40, Fidelio '41, Griffin Entertainment '40, L.B.A. '41.

Noted for understanding...expressive eyes...contagious giggle..."I'm not happy at all"...silent love.

ELIZABETH HARRIS
Route Two
Honeoye Falls, New York
1938-41 *University of Rochester*

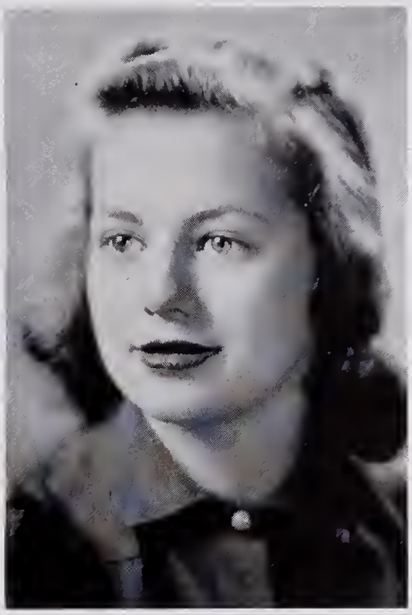
President Junior Class '39, Numerals '40, Prep Plays '38, Philomatheia '41, Vice-President A.C.A. '41, Christmas Party '41, Fidelio '40, '41.

Rosebud mouth...Blue Ribbon Great Pyrenees...doctor-father...day scholars' parties and jaunts to the hill...six-foot epistles.

JOSEPHINE HARTWELL
1938 Wood Avenue
Colorado Springs, Colorado
1939-41 *Leland Stanford University*

Treasurer Senior Class '41, Vice-President Senior-Mid Class '41, Senior-Mid Plays '40, A.D.S. '40, '41, A.D.S. Plays '40, Draper Dramatics '40, Senior Play '41, French Plays '40, Numerals '41, Ivy Speech '40, Entertainment Committee '41, Abbot Bazaar Committee '40.

"Jo"...pert, petite and polite...Abbot's threat to Broadway...Golden Girl from the West...adoring aunt...fits of laughter...magazine maniac.



DOROTHY DURFEE HARVEY
Orchard Lake, Michigan
1938-41 *University of Michigan*

Editor of Yearbook '41, Treasurer of A.C.A. '41, Head of Basketball '41, Hiking Leader '41, "A" Society '40, Numerals '39, A.C.A. Christmas Party '41, Varsity Basketball '39, Treasurer Senior-Mid Class '40, Abbot Bazaar Committee '40, Tennis Team Doubles '39, '40, '41, Aeolian '40, '41, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Nominating Committee '40, Chevron '41, Choir '39, '40, '41.

Yearbook's guiding star...cheerfulness...competency...and congeniality ...melodious voice...neatness..."listen, kids"...enthusiasm plus sense of humor...swing that tennis racket... "Herbie!"

CHRISTINE HILL
77 Salem Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1939-41 *Skidmore College*

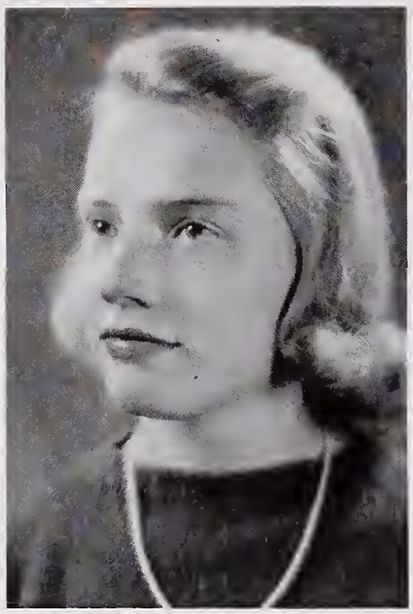
Fidelio '41, L.B.A. '41, Yearbook Board '41, Prom Committee '41.

Tan convertible...smoothie dancer... Bowdoin week ends..."KiKi's" adorable smile and azure eyes...originality and sweetness...quick comeback... Dartmouth Carnival . . . neatness . . . Heart of Gold..."He's a Band Leader."

DORIS JONES
27 Tenacre Road
New Britain, Connecticut
1938-41

Aeolian '39, '40, '41, President Aeolian '40, Fidelio '39, '40, '41, Choir '39, '40, '41, President Junior-Mid Class '39, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Treasurer Senior-Mid Class '40, President Senior Class '41, Bazaar Committee '40, Chairman Senior Play '41, Yearbook Board '41, Student Government Council '39, '41, Executive Board '41, Prom Committee '41.

"Dorie"...school spirit...contagious cackle...dignities of Class President... "still waters run deep"...can she lead the alto part!..."Mommie"...shorthand fiend...quirks of originality.



NANCY KELLEY
3 Willow Street
Winchester, Massachusetts
1939-41 *Vassar College*

President A.C.A. '41, Executive Board '41, Q.E.D. '41, Entertainment Committee '41, Senior Play '41, Hiking Leader '41, Numerals '40, Prom Decorating Committee '40, Christmas Party '41, Press Chairman '41.

"Kel the Belle"...coiffure troubles... habitual hunger...lovable lunatic... riotous wrestling matches...gruesome grimaces.

ELEANOR CHANNELL KNOX
Akron, Ohio
1937-41 *University of Wisconsin*

Philomatheia '39, '40, '41, Secretary-Treasurer Philomatheia '41, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Draper Dramatics '40, Griffin Entertainment Committee '40, Numerals '38, "A" Society '40, '41, Hiking Leader '41, Griffin Basketball Team '40, '41, Abbot Bazaar Committee '40, '41, Chevrons '40, Treasurer A.A.A. '41.

Reliable "Knoxie"...Princeton older brother...basketball whiz...darn that stem-christie...Navy girl...spic and span room...new Akron outpost.

JOAN LIST
68 Lincoln Road
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts
1939-41 *University of Michigan*

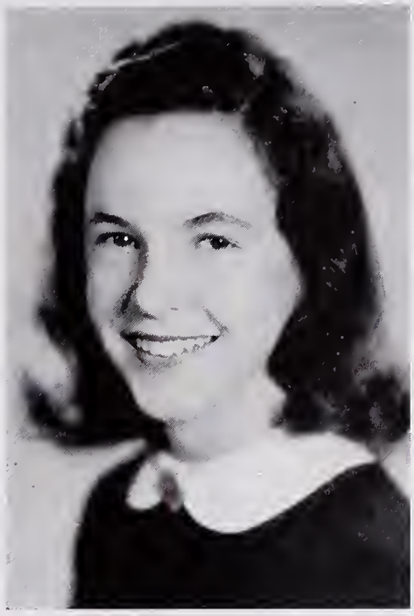
Courant '41, Senior Play '41.

The literary light . . . winsome-skinsome . . . bathroom basket of bundles . . . party by plutocrats with wine jelly . . . talented tardiness.

MARGARET GILBERT LITTLE
Shawsheen Road
Andover, Massachusetts
1937-41 *Smith College*

Fidelio '37-'41, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Gargoyle Hockey Team '40, Numerals '39, Vice-President Junior Class '39, Odeon '39, '40, '41, YEARBOOK Board '41.

Enviable tresses and rosy cheeks...ten-gallon hat...Harvard boy from California...ski addict...excursions to Dublin..."gee whiz."



SUZANNE MARY LONG
25 Middle May Circle
Forest Hills, New York
1937-41 *Edgewood Park Junior College*

A.D.S. '40, '41, Fidelio '39, '40, '41, "A" Society '40, President "A" Society '41, Numerals '38, Chevrons '41, A.D.S. Plays '40, '41, Junior Play '38, Secretary Junior Class '38, Treasurer Junior-Mid Class '39, Varsity Riding '40, Griffin Hockey Team '40, '41, Rec Room Committee '40, Chairman '41, Tea Dance Committee '39, '40, YEARBOOK Board '41, Griffin Entertainment '40, Nominating Committee '40, Chairman Prom '41.

Week ends at Annapolis...cute smile ...extensive wardrobe...both mail and males from points south...devilish elf to cosmopolitan lady.

MARGERY MARTIN
45 Sanford Street
Bradford, Pennsylvania
1937-41 *Garland School*

Prep Song Leader '37, Prep Plays '37, Junior Song Leader '38, Gargoyle Entertainment '39, Numerals '39, Fidelio '39, Choir '39, '40, '41, Gargoyle Song Leader '41, Head of Riding '41, Q.E.D. '41, Posture Marker '39.

"Marnie"...domestic...pep, personality, dash of cuteness, P. A. brother... versatile tresses...good things come in small packages...Exeter week ends... chatterbox...jovial humor...effervescence...leader of songs.

MARY MARTIN
111 Main Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1938-41 *Wellesley College*

L.B.A. '40, '41, Secretary L.B.A. '41

Open house to P.A. . . . movie star namesake . . . "goldilocks" . . . Mary, Mary not contrary . . . Martin—which one? . . . sunny side up . . . drawing ability with art troubles.

JESSIE ALLEN McCREERY
5840 North Bay Road
Miami Beach, Florida
1938-41 *Rollins College*

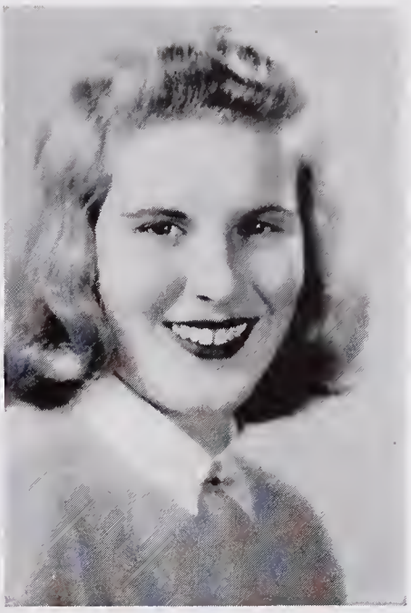
Fidelio '40, '41, Varsity Track '39, Secretary Junior-Mid Class '39, Secretary Senior-Mid Class '40, Numerals '40, Hiking Leader '41, Odeon '41, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Archery '41, Abbot Bazaar Committee '41.

Favorite false tooth . . . passion for drummers . . . expert (?) tennis player . . . income woes and clothes . . . class pessimist . . . better known as "Mac."

HARRIET MEANS
4 South 4th Street
Lebanon, Pennsylvania
1939-41 *Smith College*

Aeolian '40, '41, Secretary-Treasurer Aeolian '41, Fidelio '40, '41, Griffin Entertainment '40, A.C.A. Advisory Board '40, Secretary A.C.A. '41, Hiking Leader '41, Christmas Party '40, '41, Class Song Leader '40, School Song Leader '41, Entertainment Committee '41, Numerals '41, Chairman Song Contest '41.

"Kelly" . . . *Lebanon Daily News* . . . perpetual good humor . . . music with vim and vigor plus the "Sorcerer" . . . letters in brown ink . . . terrific wheezer . . . knittin' nitwit.



EMILY MILLS
Kinderhook, New York
1938-41 *Smith College*

President Student Government '41, President Senior-Mid Class '40, Odeon '40, '41, Prom Decorating Committee '40, Varsity Hockey '40, Costumes Senior Play '41, Chairman Bazaar Committee, '40, Hiking Leader '41, Numerals '40, Executive Board Student Government '40, '41.

Magnetic "Mole"...clad in colossal clothes...beaming beneath bangs... our perfect President...loved by us all.

VERNIECE MOODY
Andover Street
Ballardvale, Massachusetts
1938-41

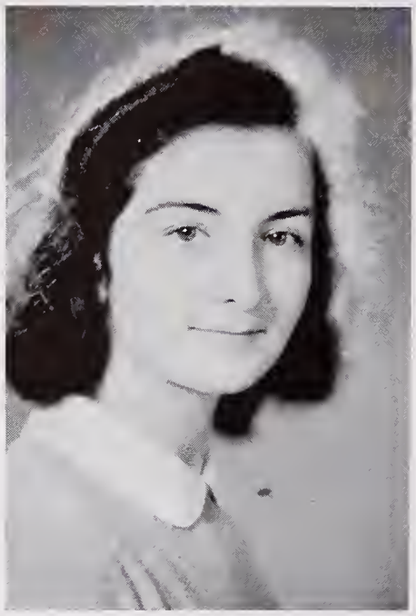
Numerals '40, Odeon '40, '41, Fidelio '41.

Hectic week ends...call her "Verne" ...terrific colds...marshmallows on chocolate cake...gray Ford...lilting eyelashes...she never reduces.

JULIA NELSON
2605 Banister Road
Baltimore, Maryland
1938-41

Fidelio '39, '40, '41, Varsity Hockey '39, '40, '41, Numerals '39, "A" Society '41, A.D.S. '40, '41, President A.A.A. '41, Choir '39, '40, '41, Draper Dramatics '40, Student Government Council '41, Hiking Leader '41, A.C.A. Advisory Board '40.

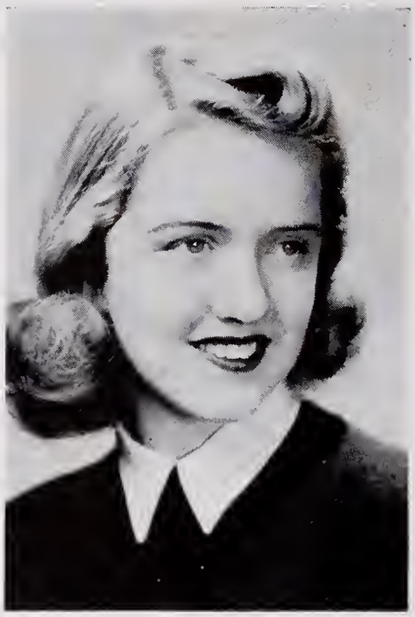
"Julie"...dimple in chin devil within ...dramatics...infectious grin...golden locks...versatile..."Samson Delilah"...magazine study...next year's Deb...able vocal chords...bubbling laugh...interchangeable wardrobe.



PAULINE PACKARD
Ashland, New Hampshire
1939-41 *University of Wisconsin*

President Q.E.D. '41, Fidelio '41, Griffin Entertainment '40, Abbot Bazaar Committee '40, Business Manager of YEARBOOK '41, Manager Senior Play '41, Numerals '41, Posture Marker '41, Choir '41.

News reporter...she Knox around considerably...class(y) manager...cheerful, considerate...proficient "Polly."



JANE PARROT
50 Ox Bow Lane
Summit, New Jersey
1939-41 *Edgewood Park Junior College*

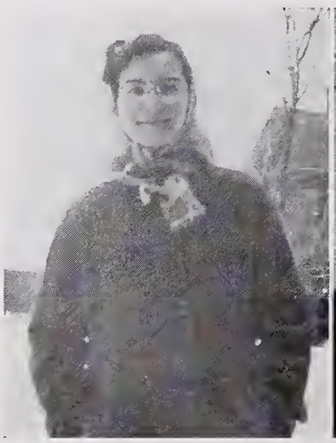
First Team Riding '40, French Plays '40, Chairman Prom Decorating Committee '40, Fidelio '40, '41, President Fidelio '41, Art Editor of YEARBOOK '41, L.B.A. '41, Numerals '41, Art for Senior Play '41, Head of Riding '41.

"Janie"...talented and able artist in painting, drawing, and writing...general likability . . . sense of humor . . . desire for domesticity...good nature ...dependability..."make me laugh" ...Abercrombie angler.

ELOISE PERKINS
9 Walton Street
Westbrook, Maine
1940-41 *Mt. Holyoke College*

Q.E.D., Senior Play.

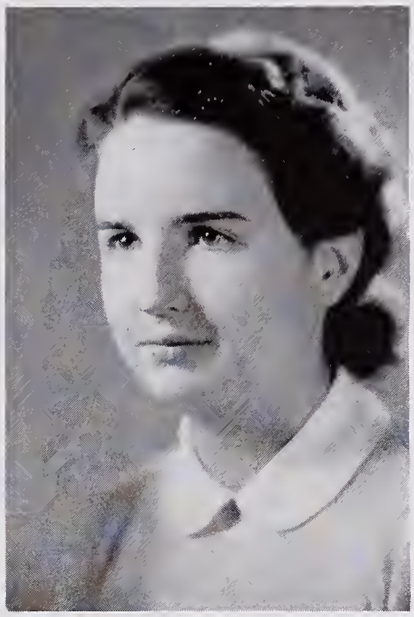
Maine accent...handsome Harvard he-man cousin...interest in red-heads ...manual trouble...snickering... woolly warm coat..."Does it really?" ...lanky lassie with lusty laughter.



JANE DEVEREAUX PHILBIN
88 Groton Street
Forest Hills, New York
1939-41 *Barnard College*

Vice-President Senior Class '41, Head of Hiking '41, Senior Play '41, *Courant* '40, '41, Draper Dramatics '40, Student Government '41, Rec Room Committee '39, Cum Laude.

Accent and eyebrows...choice chortle ...perpetual twinkle...work fanatic plus honor roll results...R. A. F. "Mayne"ia...sweet and sympathetic ...aspirations for literary accomplishments.



EMILY RUTH POYNTER
6 School Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1939-41

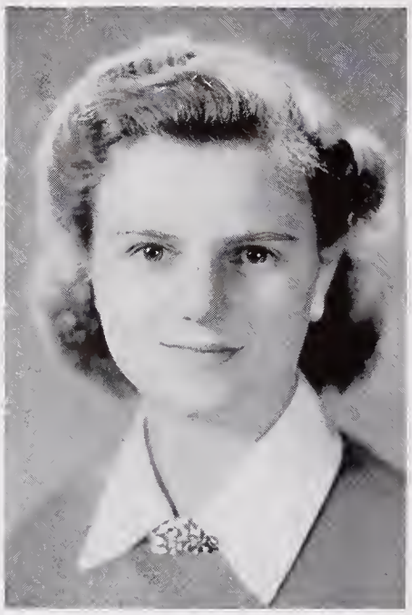
Q.E.D. '40, '41, Posture Marker '41, Day Scholar Entertainment Committee '41, Griffin Entertainment Committee '40, Abbot Bazaar Committee '41.

Familiarly known as "Erp"...passion for Williams Hall...ice cream...cars ...humor with a capital "H"...seven-thread stockings...southern courtesy.

MARY PURCELL
69 East First Street
Corning, New York
1939-41 *Vassar College*

Captain of Griffins '41, Vice-President A.A.A. '41, Student Government '41, Q.E.D. '41, Bazaar Committee '40, Numerals '40, "A" Society '41, Hiking Leader '41, Griffin Hockey Team '40, '41, Griffin Entertainment '40, Press Chairman '41.

"La" and l'amour...ardent Amherst admirer...Math martyr...Griffins' loyal leader...exuberance plus daily orange juice...divine hair.



ELEANOR RAFTON
Alden Road
Andover, Massachusetts
1938-41 *Smith College*

Numerals '39, Q.E.D. '40, '41, Secretary-Treasurer Q.E.D. '40, '41, Honor Roll '38, '39, '41, Gargoyle Hockey Team '38, Day Scholars' Play '40, Posture Marker '38, '39, '40, Cum Laude.

"Ellie" the gal who passes tests... stands up to our shoulder...off-the-face coiffure...class discussions..."that's no lie."

MIRIAM SCAMMON
Exeter, New Hampshire
1939-41 *Middlebury College*

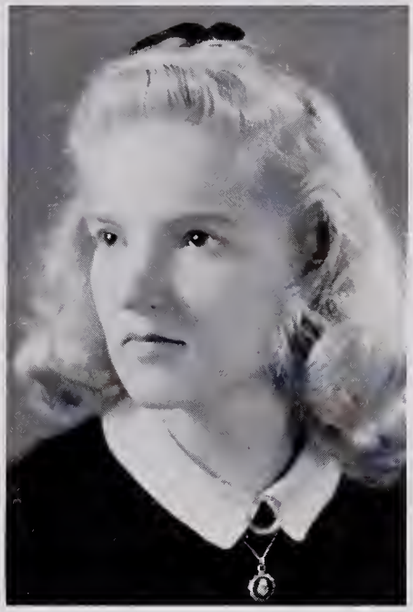
Abbot Bazaar Committee '40, Senior-Mid Play '40, Draper Dramatics '40, '41, A.D.S. '41, Senior Play '41, Griffin Entertainment '40, Prom Committee '41.

"Mim"...friend in need...knitting ...personality...full skirts and good looking sweaters...always cheerful... actress...school spirit...camera enthusiast...lengthy English themes.

ANNE KIRTLAND SELDEN
42 School Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1937-41 *Smith College*

Prep Plays '38, French Plays '40, Head of Day Scholars' Bazaar Committee '40, Philomatheia '41, Numerals '40, Treasurer Junior Class '38.

Last minute "Pat"...skiing week ends at Tamworth...questions...pink plaster leg...chuckle.



AMELIA NEVILLE SHIELDS
217 Chestnut Road
Edgeworth, Sewickley, Pennsylvania
1938-41 *University of Pittsburgh*

Senior-Mid Plays '39, Senior Play '41, A.C.A. Advisory Board '40, Fidelio '39, '40, '41, L.B.A. '41, French Play '40.

"Mimi"...beautiful golden tresses... gowns by Shields...resounding Ohs ...novel nicknames...family and brothers.

LUELLA SOMMER
3938 Prospect Road
Peoria, Illinois
1939-41 *Pine Manor Junior College*

Philomatheia '40, '41, Chairman Red Cross '41, Yearbook Board '41, Prom Committee '41.

"Lu"...ardent calorie-counter...sympathy and understanding...cousins... smooth plaid coat...efficient planner of Red Cross.

HELEN BINKARD STOTT
Williams Hall
Andover, Massachusetts
1937-41 *Smith College*

Aeolian '39, '40, '41, Choir '39, '40, '41, Honor Roll '39, Entertainment Committee '39, Day Scholars' Entertainment Committee '41, Gargoyle Hockey Team '41, Honor Bonus '38, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Abbot Bazaar Committee '40, '41, Posture Marker '39, '40, Fidelio '39, '40, '41, Student Government '38, Numerals '39, Gargoyle Entertainment Committee '39.

She's either "Stottie" or "Cusie"...the music fiend...second soprano supporter ...home to lunch...food supply.

JANE TOWNE
High Street
Topsfield, Massachusetts
1939–41 *Stuart School*

Griffin Entertainment '40, Senior-Mid Plays '40, Aeolian '41, Fidelio '41, Senior Play '41, Posture Marker '40, '41, Prom Committee '41.

"Janie"... let Providence take its course ... smile... diminutive bundle of good nature...speed demon at the typewriter... sweetness and neatness... blushing beauty.

FRANCES TROUB
1564 Asylum Avenue
West Hartford, Connecticut
1940–41 *Wellesley College*

Caravan '41, Senior Play '41, Chairman Rec Room Committee '41.

"Frannie"...writer extraordinary... laugh and fun...darling witty impromptu songs ...class baby brainstorm ... Connecticut conscious.

MARTHA TYER
Sunset Rock Road
Andover, Massachusetts
1938–41

Numerals '41, Philomatheia '40, '41, Posture Marker '39.

"Marty"... in the blue hat...choking that blue derelict of a car..."Well, we'd better get out and push"...pet wave over one eye..."I'm coming."

ADELINE WATERHOUSE
12 Berkeley Place
Cranford, New Jersey
1938-41

Vice-President Student Government '41, Captain of Gargoyles '41, President A.D.S. '41, Draper Dramatics '40, Senior Play '41, Secretary Senior-Mid Class '40, Senior-Mid Play '40, "A" Society '40, Numerals '39, Varsity Basketball '40, Varsity Hockey '40, Varsity Track '39, Fidelio '39, '40, '41, Prom Decorating Committee '40, Entertainment Committee '40, Executive Committee '41, Varsity Basketball '40.

"Addie" flashing her COLGATE smile . . . haunting giggle . . . lust for magazines . . . versatility shown on the stage, on the hockey field, at meetings in room 22.

JOAN WAUGH
18 William Street
Andover, Massachusetts
1936-41

Student Government '38, Fidelio '38, '39, '40, '41, Prep Plays '37, Senior-Mid Play '40, L.B.A. '40, '41, L.B.A. President '41, Posture Marker '40, Class Secretary '38, Day Scholar Entertainment Committee '38, Numerals '40.

"Joanie's" sparkling sweetness . . . light-hearted gay sort of way . . . talkative . . . "Wait for me" . . . Scatter-brain . . . "Take a deep breath" . . . jocular.

DOROTHY WHITE
503 Speed Avenue
Monroe, Louisiana
1938-41 *Sophie Newcomb College*

Fidelio '39, '40, '41, Numerals '40, Senior Play '41, Rec Room Committee '40, A.D.S. '40, '41, Secretary Senior Class '41, Draper Dramatics '40, Chairman Entertainment Committee '41, Bazaar Committee '40, Senior-Mid Plays '40.

Strictly "Dotty" . . . History of Art . . . glamorous fingernails . . . Southern belle . . . "Buds Won't Bud" . . . curly locks . . . "I'm so excited I'm about to pop" . . . enthusiasm plus . . . acting ability . . . letter-writing galore . . . "listen, kid" . . . sense of humor.

EDITH FRANCES WHITE
58 Stratford Road
Melrose, Massachusetts
1939-41 *Sweet Briar College*

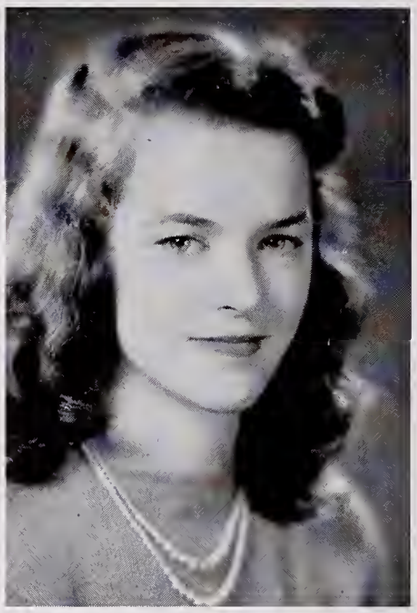
Aeolian '41, A.C.A. Advisory Board '40, Varsity Hockey '41.

Subtle humorist...friend in need... Acacia affiliations...feline felicity... mechanical minded frère...baby talk ...rage for reading.

NANCY ELLEN WHITTIER
13 Walworth Avenue
Scarsdale, New York
1938-41 *Oberlin College*

Yearbook Board '41, Odeon '41, Treasurer Odeon '41, Senior Play '41, Class "A" Rider '40, Horseshow '40, Numerals '41, Abbot Bazaar Committee '39.

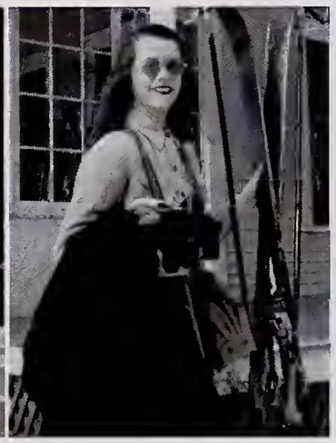
"Nannie"...horse enthusiast...Maine and New York...crew hat...clothes and camel's-hair suit...clicking typewriter...week ends by air.



BONNEY WILSON
11 Rangely Road
Winchester, Massachusetts
1938-41 *Colby Junior College*

Secretary L.B.A. '41, Numerals '41, Class Song Leader '41, Rec Room Committee '40, '41, Gargoyle Hockey Team '40, '41, Head of Badminton '41, Gargoyle Entertainment '39.

"Bon"...clicking knitting needles ...enviable wardrobe...attractiveness ...glamorous hair...being in love... Saturday leaves...smooth complexion ...cleverness.



Class Song

Seniors stand together,
Class of '41.
Fair or stormy weather,
Our Abbot life has been a lot of fun.
Loyal to her standards 'til the goal is won
In the future we'll be singing and her
praises will be ringing
Class of '41.

Ring Song

All Abbot means to us, all it can hold,
Bound into unity circled with gold,
Memories to treasure joy without measure,
Gaining new values as our years unfold.

Truth and integrity, highest ideals
Walking the pathway which knowledge
reveals,
Firm steps unwavering, ambition favoring,
Work and endeavor—all these our ring
seals.

Years spent in striving this goal to attain,
Cheered on by teachers by friendships new
gain
Symbol of learning, torches still burning,
Our rings will recall what our years here
contain.

Frances Troub

Tree Song

The meaning of this tree we give,
Is constancy and gain,
We leave it here to grow and live,
Forever to remain.

A token of remembrance
For years that lie ahead,
To symbolize the permanence
Of this fair life we've led.

Though other girls will take our place,
This steadfast tree will stay,
In proof that nothing can erase
The memory of this day.

So with the planting of this tree,
May this one thought live on,
That all our faith and loyalty
Will last though we have gone.

Doris Jones

Honor A

1940

Carolyn Dudley Cross
Mary Mynderse Howard
Margaret Lorinda Meyer
Elizabeth Brooker Travis

Cum Laude

1940

Gisela Bolten
Joan Peabody Carlson
Jeanne Cowles
Charlotte Downey
Shirley Ruth Hamilton

1941

Beverly Brooks
Nancy Gerrish
Jane Philbin
Eleanor Rafton

Senior Mids

CONGRATULATIONS, Senior-Mids! You've done your job well this past year, and you've had a lot of fun. You truly distinguished yourselves with your plays which amazed us all. Little did we dream that among those sixty bright and healthy faces there could have been so many Ethel Barrymores! The song over which you spent so many laborious hours, and many more and even harder hours with rehearsal upon rehearsal, went over with a bang. Many of you have already entered into that most mysterious and interesting realm of societies, while others have it still in store. At Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, your verses made a real impression upon all those within audible distance. All in all, Senior-Mids, you have done admirably, and we know that Abbot will be safe in your hands next year.

And now you have one more year. Without a doubt it is the one that you have been looking forward to more than any other since you were green-eyed Preps. How we envy you! The Intervale of your minds will soon be an Intervale of reality, and a much better one than you could have possibly imagined. Afternoons of fun and hard study in the Senior parlor will be part of your daily life before another year comes to its conclusion. Senior lights, Fidelio, Sunday-night suppers with Miss Hearsey, and oh, so many other privileges will soon belong to you for keeps. But there will be work, too. Oh, yes! For "finals" and College Boards are always in the offing.

We have been through all of this and loved every minute of it. This is why we envy you so much. You have it all ahead; we, behind. So the best of luck to you, Senior-Mids, make the most of it, and grab your cake while the eating is good!

This year's leaders were: Louise Clark and Suzanne Bates, *Presidents;* Virginia Gourley and Barbara Hill, *Vice-Presidents;* Margaret Stuart and Mary Bertucio, *Secretaries;* Betty Jean England and Gretchen Roemer, *Treasurers.*

The Bosses: Top Row—*England, Bertucio, B. Hill.*
Front Row—*Bates, Clark, Stuart, Roemer, Gourley*

"Really?"

Ready to Schuss

Shoppers

Play Try-outs

Cloudy and Cooler

Fair and Warmer

Miles of Smiles

Two Minutes to Draper

Homesteaders

Meeting at 1:50

Executive Eight: Top Row—*Garratt, Lehmann, Beckman, Robjent, Zimmermann.* Front Row—*Goodall, Pearson, D. Dean*

Juniors and Junior Mids

NOW you know what it's all about! After a year or two of striving, learning and accomplishing, you have caught on to the Abbot way. Don't ever lose it. It is priceless!

This year's officers were: Mimi Beckman and Sally Zimmermann, *Presidents;* Jere Lehmann and Buffy Garratt, *Vice Presidents;* Barbara Robjent and Mary Bentley, *Secretaries;* Ruth Goodall, Anne Pearson and Dotty Dean, *Treasurers.*

"Let's take Morton Street!"

Stepping Out

"Cheese"

Porch Perchers

Prep Class

FEELING like a player at bat for the first time, you came to Abbot. With heads high in spite of hidden fears, and with hearts full of great expectations, you came, you saw, and you conquered. Look at you now! Preps, we, the Senior class, think you are a grand bunch.

Leaders of the Preps were: Elinor Cahill and Patricia Damon, *Presidents;* Anne Corkran and Frances MacDonald, *Vice-Presidents;* Joan Sweeney and Alva Houston, *Secretaries;* Anne Walen and Priscilla Stevens, *Treasurers*.

Leaders of '45: Top Row—*Damon, Houston, MacDonald, Sweeney, Corkran*. Front Row—*Cahill, Walen, Stevens*

"What's your answer?"

"Bend your knees!"

Circle Cycling

The Younger Set

On the Green

"Visions True"

Abbot Hall

HOWEVER pressed their time may be between sports and studies, our organizations and societies, nevertheless, exert an influence on our lives often outweighing that of our more formal activity. Filling in our odd moments are the meetings of organizations, which serve to give direction to our life outside the classroom, to keep the wheels running smoothly, to provide outlets for special talents, and to recognize outstanding ability and accomplishment. Our societies, to which we are elected by virtue of demonstrated interest, foster within us a vision of future achievement. Who knows? By 1951 we may be stirring the public as convincing Lady Macbeths, thrilling Marion Andersons, sage and witty Dorothy Thompsons or delightful Willa Cathers. Thus, through the medium of our organized activities, we contribute to our school life and aspire to greater endeavor and usefulness in the years that lie ahead.

Back Row: *Jones, Nelson, Waterhouse, Mills, Harris, Clark*
Second Row: *Kelley, Purcell, Eccles, Cahill, Damon*
Front Row: *Philbin, Bates, Fowler, Zimmermann, Beckman*

Student Government

THE main purpose of Student Government is to create real interest and spirit at Abbot. Through this kind of government the Principal, faculty and students work hand in hand, and in this way we cover wider viewpoints and wishes. The chapel and corridor proctors are appointed by us, and we take care of all elections during the year. The Student Council is made up of the presidents of all the classes, the president and vice-president of the Senior Class, Athletic Association and Christian Association, the Head of Day Scholars and the officers of the Student Government. The four officers of the Student Government, the president of the Senior Class and the A.A.A. and A.C.A. presidents comprise the Executive Board. With these representatives on the Council it is possible for each class and organization, through these girls, to contribute to the welfare of Abbot.

Emily Mills, *President;* Betsy Fowler, *Secretary;* Addie Waterhouse, *Vice President;* Nancy Eccles, *Head of Day Scholars.*

Christian Association

THE notice "A.C.A. tonight" and the sound of the gong remind us every Sunday of the big part A.C.A. plays in our lives at Abbot. For A.C.A., we wrote to New Girls and the Seniors dressed dolls for the children at Hindman. Our painstaking efforts were well rewarded by the appreciative letter from our Abbot alumna working there. The children's party at Christmas was thoroughly enjoyed by the board members as well as by the children who squealed with delight as they received their presents from Santa Claus (alias Dottie Harvey).

Our Sunday night vespers, led by the Seniors, were inspiring to us all, and we will never forget the first talk we gave which caused our knees to shake and our hearts to thump in double time.

A.C.A. organized this year three Red Cross groups—beginners and advanced knitters and a sewing group. At Christmas time we proudly presented our finished work to the local chapter. After Christmas we worked not only for the Red Cross but

Back Row: *Ware, Campbell, M. Hamilton, Shields, Fiske*
Second Row: *Bates, Gorsuch, Rathbone*
Front Row: *Harris, Means, Kelley, Harvey*

also for the British War Relief. We donated to needy charities the money which we saved on Wednesday night candlelight dinners.

But aside from its weekly vesper service and the help it tries to give in many directions, there is something less tangible for which A.C.A. stands every day of every week. That something is a Friendly Spirit.

The members of Executive Board are: Nancy Kelley, *President;* Betty Harris, *Vice-President;* Harriet Means, *Secretary;* Dorothy Harvey, *Treasurer.*

Athletic Association

EVERY girl a member and every girl a rival—this is A.A.A. Gus, the Griffin, and Lister, the loyal Gargoyle, lend their humorous touches to our two rival clubs. Laden with books and balancing their Tiffin, the A.A.A. Council are seen scurrying down to the corrective room where they nominate new heads of major and minor sports and hope the weatherman will favor them with suitable weather for our seasonal field days.

Our Council this year consisted of Miss Carpenter, the Director of Physical Education, and Miss Rhodes, her assistant; Julie Nelson, *President;* Mary Purcell, serving double duty as *Vice-President* and *Captain of the Griffins;* Mimi Calder, *Secretary;* Eleanor Knox, *Treasurer;* and Addie Waterhouse, *Captain of the Gargoyles.* The heads of major and minor sports were: Lyn Menschik, *hockey;* Nancy Eccles, *tennis;* Dorothy Harvey, *basketball;* Eleanor Cole, *ice;* Helen Craig, *snow;* Jane Parrot, *riding;* Betty Gorsuch, *golf;* Edna Nutton, *baseball;* Jane Philbin, *hiking;* Bonney Wilson, *badminton;* Margaret McFarlin, *croquet;* Sue Bates, *ping-pong;* Jessie McCreery, *archery;* Ruth Snider, *deck tennis.*

Waterhouse, Nelson, Purcell, Calder, Parrot, Craig, Knox, Gorsuch, Nutton, Menschik, Eccles, Harvey

"A" Society

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is true at Abbot as anywhere else. The "A" Society is an honorary society encouraging its members to excel in sports and to inject real spirit into the school athletics. As we flaunt our cherished blue A's, we joyfully realize that we are now more than halfway to the blazer—four hundred and fifty points.

We had our annual picnic at Ipswich

Back Row: *Menschik, Eccles, Knox*
Front Row: *Harvey, Nelson, Long, Waterhouse*

Beach where great baseball competition raged between the Gargoyles and the Griffins, with Miss Hearsey and Miss Carpenter "pitching" into the spirit of things. That night we stumbled wearily out of the bus, shaking sand from our rumpled heads but lingering over memories of sand, sea and sky.

Our members are: Suzanne Long, *President;* Eleanor Knox, *Secretary-Treasurer;* Nancy Eccles, Dorothy Harvey, Marilyn Menschik, Julie Nelson, Adeline Waterhouse.

Yearbook Board

PERHAPS we on the Yearbook Board might describe as "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime" the feeling that came over us on that memorable morning in chapel when we were announced as the producers of the CIRCLE. At first we were too excited and awed to believe that we were on the Board, but soon the excitement gave way to meetings in the Parlor with the engraver, the printer, the photographer, and Miss Rath. The great decision regarding the theme of our book came next, and before we fully realized it each of us was responsible for a particular section. Then came the oft-repeated refrain "The deadline for these write-ups is Friday." But in spite of the hectic hours, the exhilarating feeling which followed a completed section far outweighed the stress and strain involved in its compilation. The proudest moment of all arrived simultaneously with the finished product —our 1941 Yearbook!

Our staff was as follows: Dorothy Harvey, *Editor-in-Chief;* Polly Packard, *Business Manager;* Christine Hill, *Assistant Business Manager;* Jane Parrot, *Art Editor;* Sue Long, *Photography;* Dorothy Fiske, Peggy Little, Lu Sommer, Nancy Whittier, *Literary Board;* Dorie Jones, *Ex Officio.*

Back Row: *Hill, Parrot*
Second Row: *Packard, Sommer, Harvey, Long, Whittier*
Front Row: *Little, Jones, Fiske*

Fidelio

AFTER frightened tryouts during our first week back in September, the Fidelio list was posted. From that time on throughout the year, forty or so of our lusty voices have rung out from Abbot

Back Row: *Lytle, Shields, Little, Moody, Todd, Wind, Abbott, Finneran, Gorsuch, D. White, Nelson, Parrot, Long, Towne, Biart, Grieco, Hardy, Leslie, Barss, Packard, Eccles, Stott*
Second Row: *Eaton, Fowler, Jones, Craig, Bates, Stuart, Williams, Flint, Zeitung, Campbell, McCreery, Harvey, Harris, Gerrish, Means, M. Dean*
Front Row: *Clark, B. Hill, Waterhouse, Bondy, Johnson, M. Erkert*

Hall two afternoons a week. We wondered at Mr. Howe's patience with us, and we won't soon forget his characteristic shrug and sort of hopeless but brave smile in the face of the problems we presented.

We were very excited when we heard we were to sing on the radio in December for the benefit of the Chinese Relief. We felt so funny packed in that glass-cage effect in the Lawrence broadcasting station, with Mr. Howe leading us precariously from a chair. This was followed by hurried rehearsals of our favorite carols for the Christmas service. After our winter vacation we found ourselves working furiously, spurred on by the joint concert with P.A. which, alas, had to be cancelled because of illness "on the hill." But then we set to work again, this time for our concert with Governor Dummer at Abbot. A raging March blizzard did not hinder the arrival of our guests, and our successful concert was followed by a superb dance.

The year flew by, and spring was here all too soon. The Easter hymns were sung, and there was the preparation for rally night. The Seniors stepped out and made way for the vigorous voices of the "New Fidelio" who, we must say, made us wonder if we would be missed at all! Fidelio has meant happy hours with favorite songs, and in spite of Mr. Howe's misgivings about us, we would not have missed it for anything.

Choir

ALTHOUGH Miss Friskin's absence left an awful gap in choir last fall, we looked forward to our Sunday rehearsals with Mr. Howe. At first we felt a little shaky, and we still remember his glaring at us over the top of the piano because of a sharp that went flat or a dotted half we didn't dot. But dots or no dots, Mr. Howe's humor, patience and confidence in us bolstered our courage and we sang bravely on. The morning of Christ-

Back Row: *Eccles, Shaw, Nelson, Harvey, Leslie, B. Brooks, Packard*
Front Row: *Bennett, Stott, Craig, Todd, Biart, Hardy, Lytle, Jones, Margery Martin*

mas vacation we trudged, tousled and excited, through the halls singing carols. Before midyears Mr. Howe was the perfect host at a farewell tea. Miss Friskin back, we sang on the vowels and pronounced our final consonants. Altogether it has been a grand year, and choir membership is a privilege which we are very proud to enjoy.

The choir members were Marney Martin, *President;* Beverly Brooks, Betsy Bennett, Skip Biart, Emma Ann Todd, Dorothy Harvey, Betty Hardy, Betsy Lytle, Julie Nelson, Helen Stott, Nancy Eccles, Polly Packard, Dorie Jones, Bunny Shaw, Louise Leslie, Helen Craig.

Abbot Dramatic Society

THIS year A.D.S. got off to a grand start with five new members. We began rehearsing almost immediately for the big event of our year, the production of the A.D.S. Plays. Rehearsals were a mad jumble of forgotten speeches, lost cues, stifled giggles and late arrivals, but under the expert direction of our own Mrs. Gray, all was in readiness for the final performance on December 7th. Our Friday night meetings will long be remembered in the hearts of us in A.D.S. There we read and studied many plays, yet somehow always managed to combine a good time with the more serious matters. Betty was ever ready with one of her jokes; Julie could always be counted on to pep up any slow meetings; Mim was usually to be found sitting close beside the door ready to make a hasty retreat should any new play Mrs. Gray was casting contain an old grandmother's role. A.D.S. owes much

Back Row: *Scammon, Gorsuch, Caldarone*
Second Row: *Hartwell, Nelson, Waterhouse, Long, Rathbone*
Front Row: *D. White, Gourley, Menschik*

of this year's success to its able president, Addie Waterhouse, and of course to Mrs. Gray. As always, she has been our inspiration, helping us in every possible way to get the most out of our work. We hope we have made her proud of this year's A.D.S.

Our members were Addie Waterhouse, Jo Hartwell, Julie Nelson, Sue Long, Ruth Rathbone, Lyn Menschik, Betty Gorsuch, Mim Scammon, Dottie White, Glo Caldarone, and Jini Gourley.

Aeolian

AEOLUS, the mythical god of the winds, could hardly have refrained from chortling through his bristly beard had he heard us playing our toy symphony. Draper Hall shook from its very foundations as Herbie banged away with enviable gusto on her drum, Dorie's nightingale either needed a refill or spilled all over her, and Kelly attempted to cuckoo on the off beat! Miss Friskin tried to keep things under control, but her sense of humor invariably got the better of her. Some of our most enjoyable evenings were those when she so ably reconstructed our vaguely hummed tunes. Miss Friskin's guidance, her efficiency, graciousness and incomparable playing are the things that make Aeolian so special. Miss Tuttle was her gifted substitute during the first semester.

Our "symphony players" were: Nancy Eccles, *President;* Harriet Means, *Secretary-Treasurer;* Jeannette Biart, Ruth Bondy, Helen Craig, Betty Dunaway, Betty Hardy, Dorothy Harvey, Dorie Jones, Helen Stott, Jane Towne, Edith White.

Back Row: *Towne, Means, Bondy, Harvey, Biart, Craig, Jones, Hardy*
Front Row: *Stott, Eccles*

List, Gerrish, Bates, O'Connell, B. Brooks, Miss Sweeney, Troub, Philbin, Fiske

Courant

WHAT is *Courant?* Is it fifty clearly printed pages, bound in blue and white, stuffed into your mailboxes in February and June? No, that is not *Courant*. *Courant* means frantic Friday afternoons with the story that refuses to come in time for tonight's meeting, hurrying to our very own little room across from History of Art, grabbing a chair, and resting our elbows experimentally on the wobbly table. It is bringing forth that story, finally, and reading it as clearly as possible with our hearts in our mouths; that endless moment of waiting for the beloved member who may, or may not, sit up and declare "I like it!"; and listening with a smile while the Board picks apart our carefully worded paragraphs. It means grand talks on various tangents with the indispensable Miss Sweeney, over-exuberance and everyone talking at once, Bev's authoritative "All right" bringing us back to earth and a deadline. *Courant* means printer's ink, reams of proof, wavy lines and forgotten punctuation, overlapping pages and odd sounding tenses; it means unique chapels such as this year's program in which the stories behind the portraits on the walls of Abbot Hall were

revealed. But most of all, it means work and achievement, and that unequaled warmth which comes when you all receive the long-awaited product which to our public is *Courant*.

The Board this year included: Beverly Brooks, *Editor;* Nancy Gerrish, *Business Manager;* Jane Philbin, Sue Bates, Dorothy Fiske, Joan List, Mary Carroll O'Connell, Frances Troub, Jane Bishop, Frances Flint, Gretchen Roemer, *Literary Board.*

Les Beaux Arts

L.B.A. is a society for lovers of art. Its greatest asset is its faculty adviser who guides us so masterfully through the realms of artistic beauty, and our meetings were punctuated with shouts of laughter caused by her humorous anecdotes. She has lent much richness to our Thursday night gatherings by her extensive travels and her vast stores of knowledge.

Our year was spent in the study of recent paintings. In our chapel program, which came in May, we presented tableaux of the works of contemporary artists.

Members of L.B.A. were: Joan Waugh, *President;* Jane Davey, *Secretary-Treasurer;* Bonney Wilson, Alda Grieco, Christine Hill, Jane Parrot, Mimi Shields, Mary Bertucio, Dorothy Erkert, Mary Ellen Finneran, Virginia Fong, Mary Martin.

Back Row: *Davey, Bertucio, Wilson, D. Erkert*
Second Row: *C. Hill, Waugh, Parrot, Shields, Mary Martin*
Front Row: *Finneran, Grieco, Fong*

Odeon

"Books—lighthouses erected in the sea of Time."

WE in Odeon cling to these lighthouses for guidance in the turbulent sea of our youth. An hour is set aside every other Friday evening in which we read and discuss all phases of literature to our heart's content under the stimulating guidance of our faculty adviser, Miss Wilkinson. By common consent we first read George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." Then Ann read us parts from "Mrs. Miniver," and Mimi read the familiar "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." In January, Miss Wilkinson began reading to us Alice Duer Miller's "White Cliffs." In Odeon we forget everything for one precious hour and just enjoy ourselves.

Back Row: *Whittier, McCreery, Calder, B. Hill, Moody, Zeitung*
Front Row: *Lacey, Belden, Clark, Little*

The members of Odeon were: Mimi Calder, *President;* Nancy Whittier, *Secretary-Treasurer;* Peggy Little, Emily Mills, Jessie McCreery, Verniece Moody, Joan Belden, Louise Clark, Barbara Hill, Ninon Lacey, Betsy Lytle, Ann Zeitung.

Philomatheia

WE, in Philomatheia, are lovers of learning, as the derivation of our name implies. This year we gazed at the stars, fumbled at the movie projector, goggled at amoeba antics and compiled data for our chapel program in March. We presented sundry superstitions, trying to show their origin, bringing out the truth in some and debunking others. For example, we learned that hairpin soufflé à la thumbtacks could be served as a delicacy at the Ritz—but really! A love of learning plus the patient aid of Miss Tucker and Mrs. Poland is a combination not to be excelled.

Our stargazers were: Phyllis Campbell, *President;* Eleanor Knox, *Secretary-Treasurer;* Martha Tyer, Pat Selden, Marjorie Dean, Margaret McFarlin, Betty Harris, Lu Sommer.

Back Row: *Sommer, M. Dean, Selden*
Front Row: *McFarlin, Harris, Knox, Campbell, Tyer*

Back Row: *Beach, Perkins, M. Erkert, Kelley, Packard, Rafton, Snider, Poynter*
Front Row: *Sime, Manning, Purcell, Fowler, D. Hamilton, Margery Martin*

Q. E. D.

Q.E.D. will always recall to us this familiar quotation of our President Polly: "Now who is giving the news tonight?" Our elaborate plans and our noble efforts in training ourselves to act as guides on our trip to historic Boston were again all in vain. This time the flu epidemic was our deterrent. We forgot our disappointment, however, when we became absorbed in preparations for our discussion in chapel on the subject "Is the defeat of Hitler essential for the United States?" Nancy, Marney, Betsy, Emily Ruth and La became temporarily staunch defenders of the totalitarian system. Here Miss Smith's impartiality in our discussions was an invaluable help. What would we do without her?

Our soap-box orators were: Polly Packard, *President;* Harriet Beach, Betsy Fowler, Nancy Kelley, Margery Martin, Emily Ruth Poynter, La Purcell, Eleanor Rafton, Mary Erkert, Diantha Hamilton, Theo Manning, Eloise Perkins, Margaret Sime, Ruth Snider.

THE muffled tramp of marching feet to do or die for a cause, be it democracy or dictatorship, is startlingly contrasted this year with the gay, carefree tread of schoolgirl feet on an Abbot Field Day when orange and green banners bespeak the Gargoyle-Griffin contest. The one is designed to destroy beauty, the other to create it physically, mentally, spiritually. For in fine sportsmanship, in fair play on the courts and off, in fellowship with friend and foe alike, and in relaxation and reverie after supreme effort, there is

Beauty

in Play

"Purpose Steadfast to Dare and to Do"

Presenting—Gargoyles and Griffins

WHICH will you choose—a Gargoyle sprouting horns and beard, or a Griffin complete with long tail and beak? These creatures emerge from mythical tales into the symbols of our rival athletic clubs. The crisp fall days find us racing giddily across the hockey field, brushing up on our backhand, or riding in the midst of autumn glory astride our favorite horse. Time passes, and joyful over fresh fallen snow, we don our ski boots or skates, and shake the moth balls from our bunny mittens and woolly scarfs; basketball practice begins also, and we bend and sway to the beat of the tom-tom. When balmy April arrives we get back into the "swing" of things with tennis, baseball and golf. All year we are friendly enemies to the bitter end, giving of our best to our own team and feeling sincere pride in the successes of our opponents.

Heap Big Chiefs—*Purcell*, Griffin; *Waterhouse*, Gargoyle

Tuneful Triumvirate—*Wind*, Griffin; *Means*, School Leader; *Martin*, Gargoyle

Sports

DURING the first weeks of school one often heard the question, "When are we going to know whether we're Griffins or Gargoyles?" Finally, after a "huddle" during which strange shapes were cut from green and orange felt, the great day arrived, each girl's fate was announced, and she was welcomed by the old members of her team. Both teams serenaded their potential stars.

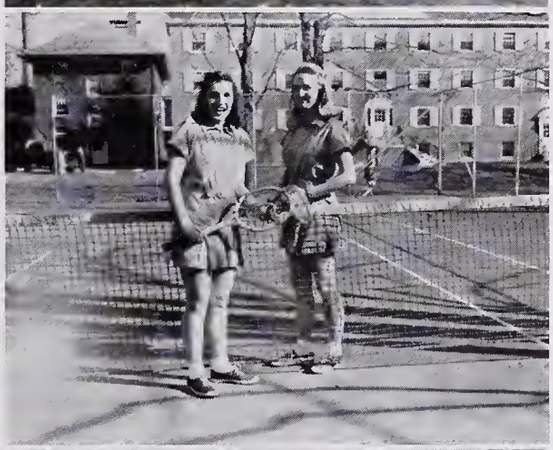
Soon the struggle began in earnest, and when Fall Field Day arrived the competition was close. The day began with a serenade to the faculty, after which we marched to the tennis courts and, sitting in the crackling fall leaves, watched Mary Bertucio against Nanny Eccles for a Griffin tennis singles victory. Weesy Clark and B. J. England found Griffins Skip Fiske and Joan Waugh too much for them, and Lister was shaking her Gargoyle head, but Nanny Gerrish and Mimi Shields won the doubles from Dotty Harvey and Ruth Snider which cheered Lister considerably but cast a momentary shadow over the cheerful face of Gus Griffin.

On the hockey field there was great tension, for the Griffins had been predominantly victorious in the preliminary games. During the first of the week the second

and third teams had played their games and the results were: Second Team—Griffins 3, Gargoyles 1; Third Team—Griffins 6, Gargoyles 1; and contrary to some expectations the Gargoyles defeated the Griffins in the First Team game! Amid loud cheering and wishful sighing from the sidelines the final score of 2-0 was announced.

Members of the Abbot Athletic Association Board were hostesses at a school tea when the day ended. Then we gathered in the Rec Room, Griffins at one end and Gargoyles at the other, to hear Miss Hearsey announce the awards for fall sports. The varsity hockey team was: Honora Hayes, Marjorie Lehmann, Betsy Lytle, Lyn Menschik, Em Mills, Julie Nelson, Ruth Rathbone, Edie White, Elsie Williams and Ann Zeitung. There were also tennis, riding and "A" Society awards. We left the meeting quite clapped and sung out, but very happy over everything.

After Thanksgiving we hibernated temporarily for modern dance and basketball, but soon snow fell and we jumped into ski boots, to the ski room, and then to Chapin's Hill, Prospect and Miss Hearsey's slope, according to our various degrees of skill. Sometimes we went downhill backwards as fast as we went forwards (because of an excess of silver lacquer, of course!) Then just as we thought our ankles were per-



manently crooked from the herring bone, skiing conditions were ruined, and back we went indoors.

In the First Group basketball games the Griffins edged out the Gargoyles, and in the next game the Gargoyles staged a comeback and the Griffins struggled in vain. The playing of Knoxie, Honora and Gretchen called forth "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the cheering sections. The Gargoyles were the conquering heroines in Group II, and in Group III the game was deadlocked and ended in a tie. This seesaw state of affairs continued in the second set of basketball battles, Griffins treading Gargoyles under foot or Gargoyles getting "up and at 'em" and leaving the Griffins far behind. The teams were more than polite! After winning a game each stepped back and let the other have a turn. The games played after spring vacation, promised to be interesting. They were! Scores were as follows: Group II—Griffins 24, Gargoyles 12; Group III—Griffins 24, Gargoyles 15. The Griffins beamed and the Gargoyles despaired. Then on the day before Easter the Final First and Second Group games were played.

Gargoyle faces brightened when the scorekeeper reported the Second Team score a 12-12 tie, and the First Team game an 18-12 victory for the wearers of the green! The basketball season was over for an-

other year. The varsity basketball team was: Mary Bertucio, Jo Hartwell, Honora Haynes, Eleanor Knox, Gretchen Roemer, Addie Waterhouse.

While all this was going on we got s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d beyond belief in modern dance. During the winter we did some dance studies and an original composition on "Play" which gave everyone in the class a chance for creative expression. Warm weather took us then to the green tennis courts for many types of play.

When the number of girls who had walked and "winter sported" for points was announced in chapel, the Griffins were out of sight they were so far ahead! Meanwhile the Gargoyles at once renewed many mental resolutions.

On Monday afternoon in April the tennis courts were suddenly stricken with a case of blue polka dots. Yes, spring sports had begun, so tennis, golf, riding and baseball filled out afternoons with new interest. English country dance rehearsals were also begun for presentation on the Circle for Abbot's birthday celebration.

The grand finale, the awarding of the silver shield to the victorious team for the year 1940-'41, came on a certain June morning when the last chapel was held and the school waited breathlessly for the announcement. The outcome? Go and consult the shield itself!

"Here Did We Consecrate Life to the Best"

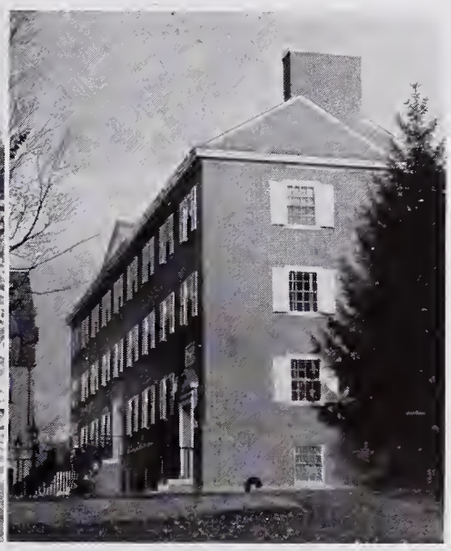
Draper

LIFE is activity, movement, growth, change; at its best it blends them all and fires us with its own contagious spark. The spark may be the wisdom of our speakers, the skillful strokes of a painter, the catching lines of a play; or it may burst from within, kindled by fearful anticipation in a student recital, the exhilaration of canoe trips, rides or walks. It smolders, presently glows, flickers feebly, and soon burns brightly, and as it burns we are affected by its light. We change and grow as a result of that tiny spark planted within or caught from without. The Abbot year, with all its inspiration, supplies the spark for those who seek it; they may then look back and know that here they consecrated life to the best.

Homestead

Sherman

Abbey



Mapping a Course

Surveying the Situation

Looking Back

WEDNESDAY, September 25th, found us hanging draperies, moving furniture, and generally getting to work. We had our conferences with Miss Sweeney and were soon sitting nervously in our first classes. The first week we were busy making new friends on our picnic at Pomps Pond, at the Old Girl—New Girl Party where we danced an energetic square dance and were baffled by the faculty chassés, and at the Senior Tea which was held this year in the Senior Parlor.

The fall days were lovely and we were busy riding and canoeing our time away over the week ends. We were fascinated by the prancings of Ferdinand the bull, the puppet show, and the other antics of corridors and cottages on their stunt nights. We were delighted with the Hampton Institute Quartette and the beautiful program presented by Ella Belle Davis, soprano. We went to Boston in the rain but were fully rewarded by Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in their unique rendition of "Twelfth Night"; and some of us were lucky enough to hear Marion Anderson in Boston.

During those early days we were taught what to do in case of fire, and with hilarious shouts we leaped from the window and wriggled down the outside wall, carefully

Opening Out-of-Door Days: Above—*Pomps*. Below—*The Shawsheen*

Above: *Suspension*
Below: *"Softie" and "Toughie"*

superintended by Miss Carpenter and our big chief, Sue. Then there were those surprising nights when we drilled with pallid faces and rolled-up hair. October ended with our exciting Hallowe'en dinner and party which we attended dressed as advertisements. Remember "Toughie" and "Softie"—and the "Four Roses"?

At this time in our gay young lives came our long-anticipated week end, and there was a general exodus. Those who were left behind had no meagre excitement, however, for the Andover-Exeter Game was played and we were properly recognized by the Exeter contingent as it marched by our gates. Thanksgiving verses soon brought us back to normal. Bashka Paeff, famous sculptress, gave us a demonstration of her technique, using Em as a model. On Thanksgiving eve we had our traditional service, and the next day, undaunted by snow, we scattered about the countryside with relatives and friends having a marvelous time and consuming much turkey. The Song Contest between the various corridors and cottages brought forth our best home talent. Homestead with its "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" song and rendition was the winner. A loud and energetic evening was had by all, topped off by a lively square dance which left us hardly able to whisper

Exeter Passes Our Gates—Alas

Exeter Cheering Section

through our dry throats. A.D.S. entertained us royally with three plays—"Catherine Parr," depicting the stormy temper of Henry VIII, "Men Folk," telling of the tragedy of the sea; and "The Travelers," full of flickering lights and weird sound effects.

Christmas was now creeping upon us very rapidly, and Fidelio piled off to Lawrence to broadcast British carols for the benefit of the Bureau of Medical Aid to China. Many were doing their part for other charities too, by knitting on Friday nights in chummy circles in Sherman or Abbey, sewing on squares for Red Cross baby afghans in Homestead, and making would-be dresses for Hindman dolls. Friday night callers continued to arrive amid squeals and groans over the appearance or not of those significant little white slips. The vic played and the sound of masculine voices drifted up from below, mingled with feminine giggles. A.C.A. had its annual Christmas party for many local children who threw bean bags, ate ice cream and sandwiches, and were wide-eyed at the presents handed out by our competent but drooping Santa (Herbie). Mrs. Gray read Dickens' Christmas Carol, always our favorite, and on Sunday we presented our own beautiful Christmas service. Our

Above: "*Catherine Parr*"
Middle: "*Men Folk*"
Below: "*The Travelers*"

"*Sign for Riding*"

"*Callers Tonight*"

Chummy Circle

Confident but Drooping Santa

Merry Christmas to All

Vacation's Here!

Above: *Midyears Ahead*
Below: *"Frisky" as Ever*

packing was done, we sang our Christmas table songs, and finished the celebration with our customary carol sing in the McKeen Rooms. Next day, after we had slept a mite and had been awakened by the chanting choir, we crammed into buses and cars, and deserted our dorms as we headed for home!

January seventh we came back to earth again with much to be done before midyears. We were voluntarily "at home" because of the flu epidemic which, to our amazement, even kept us away from church! High on the P.A. hill there was a flu epidemic also, and calling nights and the Fidelio concert and dance had to be cancelled. But the Curtis Beach Marionette show with the big bad wolf and the mysterious smoking hero cheered us up, and Margaret Payson Bliss had us almost rolling in the aisles or reduced to tears as she gave her monologues. Then came that fearsome week of midyears after which the Seniors took off for Intervale and those who were left behind were allowed to go to the movies at night, and attended the Kirsten Flagstad concert in Boston. To the Seniors, on their return, we sang "Here they come!

Week end spent at Intervale
And now they're back
To classes, books and morning mail,
And then exam returns
When each one learns—the worst!

Hurdling Hearsey's

Time Out

Cocoa and Weenies

We wish you luck,
And hope you passed without mistake
All those exams,
And awful tests you had to take,
From Latin, Chem, and French
To History through the cent—uries.

You've had a great big week end
With skiing and skating and such,
And having no rules, and no thought of
school
And certainly eating too much!

So here you are,
Back again with us to stay—
For one more term
Together we will work and play,
We'll sing your praises all
O class of Forty-One!"

The second semester brought Miss Friskin back to us, much to our joy. She delighted us that first Saturday with one of her exquisite concerts. Winter was really here now, the blizzards came and went, but we plowed on, over and under. Many mornings we found Mr. Robb slaving with a tired mien—and a snow shovel—as he dug out Abbot Hall, or we were awakened by the scraping of our friend the snowplow as it groaned around the circle. There were those Saturday afternoons when brave A.A.A. members stood shivering by the laundry to sell us hot

Above: *Tea Totaling*
Below: *Cozy Wednesdays*

Above: *Curtain Call on "Infanta"*
Below: *"Rebecca" Makes Up*

dogs and cocoa. In sharp but pleasing contrast were the cozy Wednesday afternoons in the McKeen Rooms where we chatted and sipped our tea, carefully watching our figures as the brownies came and went. Before we knew it the Senior Mid plays were on! They were: "The Birthday of the Infanta" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The first left us with lumps in our throats as the hapless hunchback died and the heartless Infanta scoffed. Rebecca, however, lifted our spirits as she pranced mischievously about, much to her irate aunt's distress. We were deeply impressed by the excellent acting of the Senior Mid class.

The days slipped by and again there was a large departure for our "free week end." Those who stayed had a restful few days, some enjoying a performance of the Ballet Russe in Boston. Phyllis Bentley lectured on the dilemma of a story writer and so interested us that we immediately set about to read some of her works. At a student recital we were amazed and very proud of the talent of our schoolmates. It hardly seemed possible that the strange sounds which wafted from the third floor all year could culminate in such extraordinarily entertaining results. Next came a joint concert of our Fidelio with the Governor Dummer Glee Club when the roaring blizzard outdoors all but rivaled

Off to Work

Yippee! Vacation Special!

the roaring voices indoors. Those who could made plans for Northfield after an absorbing vesper service devoted to pictures and information concerning the conference.

The last week end before spring vacation brought us the Senior Play, "The Cradle Song," and the last vesper service was marked by the return of Mr. Richardson. It seemed like old times again in the chapel, and many of us enjoyed a good discussion with him when the service was over. On March 20 we again embarked, bag and baggage, for our spring vacation amid joyous shouts, wild gestures, and beaming countenances.

April 2nd brought us back laden with Easter bonnets and suffering from spring fever. Our first Saturday we were treated to a brilliant two-piano recital by Miss Friskin and her brother, Mr. James Friskin. The following week we were amazed to hear that work was to begin on the new wing of Draper Hall. We watched with interest as strings and stakes appeared on our beloved croquet grounds, and we tried our best to concentrate as "Lorraine," the steam shovel, transformed our quiet campus into a rival for a teeming city. Dr. George Roemmert gave us a fascinating lecture with his microvivarium, and we were suspicious of

Above: *Chap Walk*
Below: *Station Wagon—Our Pride and Joy*

Amidst Andover

Camera!

Lorraine

Mirage of Senior Porch

In the Spring—

A Young Girl's Fancy

A Young Man's Fancy

Coiffure Craze

Above: *"Spread 'em thick!"*
Below: *Circle Promenaders*

everything we touched for days after! On Easter we blossomed forth in gay finery and many corsages, and in the evening had our impressive service with a sermon by our good friend Dr. Pomeroy, of Milton.

Spring was really here now, with a temperature of 90° in the shade, and we roller-skated, basked in the sun, kept in "Good Humors," went off on jaunts in the country, and ate sandwiches prepared by our hard-working committee for the British War Relief. Mrs. Gray's special speech pupils, and the music students again, performed excellently in their recitals on succeeding evenings. And finally the long-anticipated Senior Prom week end brought the month of April to a close, and Abbot's 112th birthday was celebrated on May 10th with bagpipes, country dancing on the circle, an entertainment in Davis Hall, and a bazaar for the benefit of the B.W.R. The regional *Cum Laude* meeting was held at Abbot and brought streams of members, mostly boys, to our midst for a day. The last Field Day of the year came and went, and before we knew it we were busily involved in final examinations. The last full Commencement week end with all its mixed emotions wound up the year's activities, and Abbot 1940-41 moved on into history.

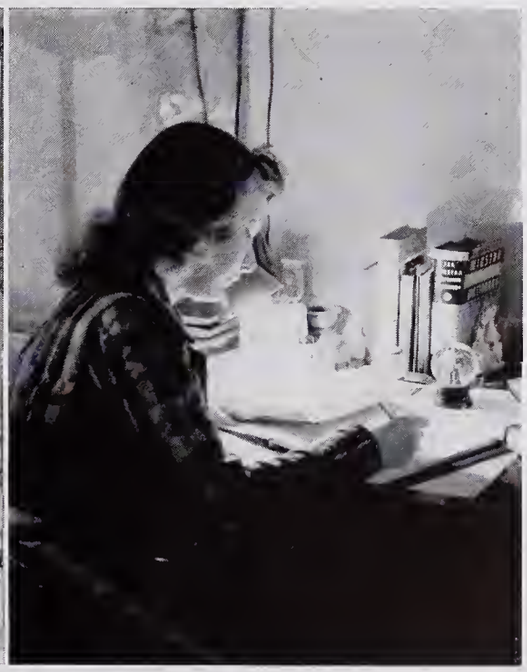
"Memories Dear"

"Fireman, save my child!"

ONCE upon a time not so very long ago, several timid, bewildered little girls came to school to Abbot, two of them to become the nucleus of the class of '41. The next year they found they had grown in number to seventeen and all lived happily together on their beloved fourth floor. They proudly produced their plays and hunted Easter eggs in the grove. Although the hurricane all but blew them away, they arrived a handful of Junior-Mids, and eleven strong they bravely recited their "verses." A year whisked by, and their number grew to fifty-eight. They found themselves proudly singing their class song, sporting new green sweaters and talking wistfully of being Seniors. Then suddenly, as if by magic, they realized they *were* Seniors! What an exciting year they have had! And in the future as they turn to these pages they will re-live their Abbot days.

Sunset Specials

Night Life



Third Floor Front Goes to Kirkshire

Second Floor Front at 9 P.M.

Our Senior Year

WILL we ever forget our arrival back at Abbot for this our final year? Our spacious front rooms equipped with famous couches, the Senior Parlor and radio—these were part of our joys along with lack of study hall commuting and Senior coffee on the "first Sunday." On two Sunday mornings our two ambitious corridors breezed merrily off for a yummy Kirkshire breakfast—another Senior prerogative. Of course we picnicked at Ipswich, got the wind and the sand in our hair, and loved every bit of it. The roaring of the ocean, gay laughter, bare feet, wading, toasting weenies and marshmallows, eating from the roof, returning to Abbot at dusk, singing and harmonizing familiar tunes, all spell for us our Senior picnic, and what fun it was!

Remember when the winter set in with snow and industrious needlework (and

Fire Chief

Sand-Witches

"Let's go in!"

"Don't let it burn!"

"Mmm—m"

Giggle Giggle

pin-work!) on dolls—those great big beautiful dolls? And what a thrill it was when we carried to our tables the blazing plum puddings on the night before Christmas vacation! Later on, we enjoyed the gracious hospitality of Miss Hearsey on those Sunday evenings at Sunset where she entertained us at supper before her cozy fire.

Then came skiing in anticipation of Intervale—that "little bit of heaven" of which we had heard so much and so long. Midyear examinations over, we left to see the "feet of snow" up in New Hampshire. The train ride was a wild whirl with portable radios everywhere, and before we knew it the Emersons were greeting us heartily with cocoa, cookies and sandwiches in the warmth of their comfortable living room. Their precious cocker spaniel at once became our pet. Somehow we managed to slumber happily that night in spite of being wedged between vics and comforters. Next day we skied on Rus-

All for Hindman

Just Another Handful

"Here it comes!"

Intervale at Last

"Shall we try it?"

sell's slope where with Miss Carpenter's help we learned additional technique for the harder slopes to come. Sue's ring, lost in the snow, caused much commotion and emotion. Next was the excitement of the skimobiles on Cranmore, and the heights to which they rose! We were breathless! What a thrill we had skiing down from the halfway point to the foot! And remember the movies on Saturday night when we were packed sardine-like in the tiny bus while Sherman, driver with the quaint chapeau, bravely endured our rendition of "Gee it was swell!" Winnie the Pooh waddled in and out among the shadows as Miss Hearsey read his adventures after our hymn-singing session. Our feelings a mixture of joy and sadness, we composed praises of Intervale to sing to the underclassmen on our return to Abbot.

In the spring we reveled in the new freedom of unchaperoned Saturday leaves and late lights, as well as peanut butter and jam at Baronial! What bliss! We re-

Safely Down

There We Go

"The Cradle Song"

Stars

hearsed like fury to become pious nuns as our play "The Cradle Song" took shape. Adie, Jo, Janie and Nancy were just a few who succeeded in bringing tears to our eyes. Then with hopes and fears, we practiced Frannie's keen Ring Song which we sang to the school in the McKeen Rooms on the momentous night when we received those long-anticipated heralds of graduation. These we displayed boastfully to the "young ones" and twiddled them with pride in English class! That was really the beginning of the end so soon to come.

Close on the heels of spring vacation came the Prom, and we kept Western Union busy arranging for our "Toms, Dicks and Harrys." Our young hopeful Romeos started shining on Friday night at a super-long calling hour, and on Saturday we treated them to a luncheon at the Andover Inn. We observed tea time at Sunset, guests of Miss Hearsey, and then came dinner and the dance in the cleverly and beautifully camouflaged gym.

"May I introduce—?"

Hearts and Flowers

We were very proud of our "brighties" when they shone at the *Cum Laude* meeting, and never to be forgotten was the Senior Banquet, followed by the turning over of our beloved parlor (sans porch!) to the Senior Mids. After a quick change we warbled our "Where, oh where's" all over the Abbot world, as did our long line of Senior predecessors.

Desperate cramming with confusion could mean only one thing—final exams. Then in rapid succession came rally night, anxious chapel awards and announcements, balancing of cakes and plates at our garden party, Draper Dramatics, Baccalaureate, the last chapel, and our imminent (and eminent) graduation.

Is it possible that a whole year has passed since the Class of 1940 planted *its* tree and marched so solemnly in blue caps and gowns to South Church? One of these days, perhaps for our fiftieth reunion, the Class of 1941 will be hobbling back with canes and grandchildren to dig up our treasure and to reminisce about these our "memories dear."

1941's Growing Responsibilities

Good-bye to 1940—We're Next

1941 in 1951

THE Bronx local was late as usual, so we wandered over to the information booth to ask plaintively how long we had to wait. The encyclopedia on duty answered, "You just missed it, child"—an inner chord responded and we lifted startled eyes to behold *Polly Packard*, running Grand Central, and who should be handing her special bulletins but Secretary *Knox*. A voice boomed "Intervale Express leaving, track 18." Straining our eyes, we recognized through their ski paraphernalia *Grieco*, *Little*, *Mary Martin*, *Moody*, *Selden*, *Campbell*, and *Tyer*. As they passed, Conductor *Marnie Martin* told them where to get off. Close on their heels come *Biart and Bondy*, arguing for the seat by the window on the Taft Special.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience"—*Perkie's* bell-like tones announced to the listening world the big event of the day: "Miss *Beverly Brooks*, accompanied by *Stott*, is leaving on her farewell concert tour before switching to art—or is it literature?" Not to be outdone, *Sue Long* on Glamour, arrived from Hollywood, and with her was little

Jo Hartwell, getting experience for her walk-on in *Scammon's* latest Broadway production. They were welcomed with a big smile from Mayor *Troub*, and a blaring orchestra pitched by *Kelly Means*. Over in the corner stood *Kiki*, keeping her eye on the band. Reporters surrounded Miss Glamour, and firing questions to beat the band was *Fiske*, the white hope of the *Daily News*.

We decided it was time to buy our tickets, so we stood in line behind *Joan Belden*, smiling agreeably as *Edie White* short-changed her. From opposite sides of the station, a stream of children came tearing in, led by *Addie* and *Dorie*, waving and calling frantically, "I've lost my Hankie" and "Have you seen my little Bobby?" The children turned fascinated eyes as they beheld *Kel* and *La*, roller-skating through Grand Central, complete with Amherst banners and "The Cow Kicked Nellie."

When the dust cleared, we found *Ellie Rafton* looking anxious while *Erkert* and *Sommer*, of Travelers' Aid, ever on the alert for an SOS, came to her rescue. We noticed a crowd gathering, but couldn't make out who was on the soap box. Ah! little *List*, campaigning for Canine Suffrage, and *Harris*, with her Great Pyrenees demonstrating how much more intelligent dogs can be.... Peeping cautiously out of the door, was Chamber of Commerce President *McCreery*, trying to discover what Manhattan has that Florida hasn't.

Over in a corner we saw *Gerrish*, explaining to *Life's* Editor-in-Chief *Harvey* how she managed to become the first woman Supreme Court judge. A clatter of metal on stone announced *Eccles* and her tennis cups, and Em-on-the-Spot *Mills* as usual lent a helping hand. Balanced on ladders of various heights were the *Janes*, *Towne* and *Parrot*, painting murals for eyesore travelers. Then we bumped into *Bonney*, who explained to our "What are *you* doing in New York?"—"Oh, just buzzing around!" From there, we wandered over to the booth where *Dottie White* was making picture letters "while you wait." It was getting to be quite an Art.

Racing each other down 42nd Street, were *Whittier* with her rodeo, and *Poynter* with her taxi. A familiar voice rang out, "Where are my bags?" and we reminded *Joanie Waugh* that she was sitting on them. Continuing blithely on our way we passed Cosmopolite *Philbin* ordering porters around. The prospect of our journey seemed brighter when we learned that *Jane Davey* had decorated all the Pullman cars with chintz curtains—not that we take Pullmans! An off-key murmur of "I'm Just Wild about Harry" reached our ears, but it was getting late and so we didn't bother to turn around. We knew it must be *Beachie*. A trail of heavily laden porters led by Curator *Shields* hove in sight. "For my museum," she explained as Emi gingerly picked up a whale's tooth from the floor.

A porter gave *Calder* a shove onto the Oklahoma train, and she handed him a card announcing the opening of her new dress shoppe. "Tell your wife..."

Just as *Packard's* Patented News Service informed us that the Bronx Local was ready, we looked around for a last glance. How could we have overlooked that line of men with hands outstretched! Hitler, we wondered? No, just eager votes for the people's choice, for sitting calmly in the doorway of the Ladies' Room was *Julie Nelson*, trying on wigs. That was the last straw! To think that we had come to this. We made a running leap for the train, and settled down in our seats, exhausted, to reminisce about Abbot in the "good old days."

'41's "Mosts

Most Intelligent	1. Beverly Brooks
	2. Jane Philbin
Most Ambitious	1. Miriam Scammon
	2. Beverly Brooks
Most Likely to Succeed	1. Jane Philbin
	2. Beverly Brooks
Most Practical	Polly Packard

Best Dancer	Sue Long
Cutest	1. Jane Towne
	2. Jo Hartwell
Most Attractive	1. Bonney Wilson
	2. La Purcell
Most Popular	Em Mills

Best Musician	1. Helen Stott
	2. Kelly Means
Most Poised	1. Beverly Brooks
	2. Nancy Gerrish
Favorite Orchestra	1. Tommy Dorsey
	2. Glenn Miller

Best Man's Lady	1. Sue Long
	2. Bonney Wilson
Most Personality	1. La Purcell
	2. Em Mills
	3. Frannie Troub
Favorite Boys' School	1. Taft
	2. Princeton / Andover
Best Looking	1. Julie Nelson
	2. Kiki Hill / Joanie Waugh

and Bests"

Best Figure 1. Bonney Wilson
2. Nancy Eccles
Neatest 1. Jane Towne
2. Dorie Jones
Best Dressed 1. Addie Waterhouse
2. Bonney Wilson

Best Artist Jane Parrot
Best Actress 1. Sue Long
2. Miriam Scammon / Jo Hartwell
Wittiest 1. Nancy Kelley
2. Kelly Means / Frannie Troub

First to Be Married 1. Dorie Jones
2. Phyll Campbell
Most Domestic Marnie Martin
Most Agreeable Joanie Belden
Most Tactful 1. Lu Sommer
2. Dottie Harvey

Best Athlete 1. Addie Waterhouse
2. Julie Nelson
Most Typical Abbot Girl 1. La Purcell
2. Em Mills
Most Versatile 1. Julie Nelson
2. Addie Waterhouse
Most Respected Em Mills

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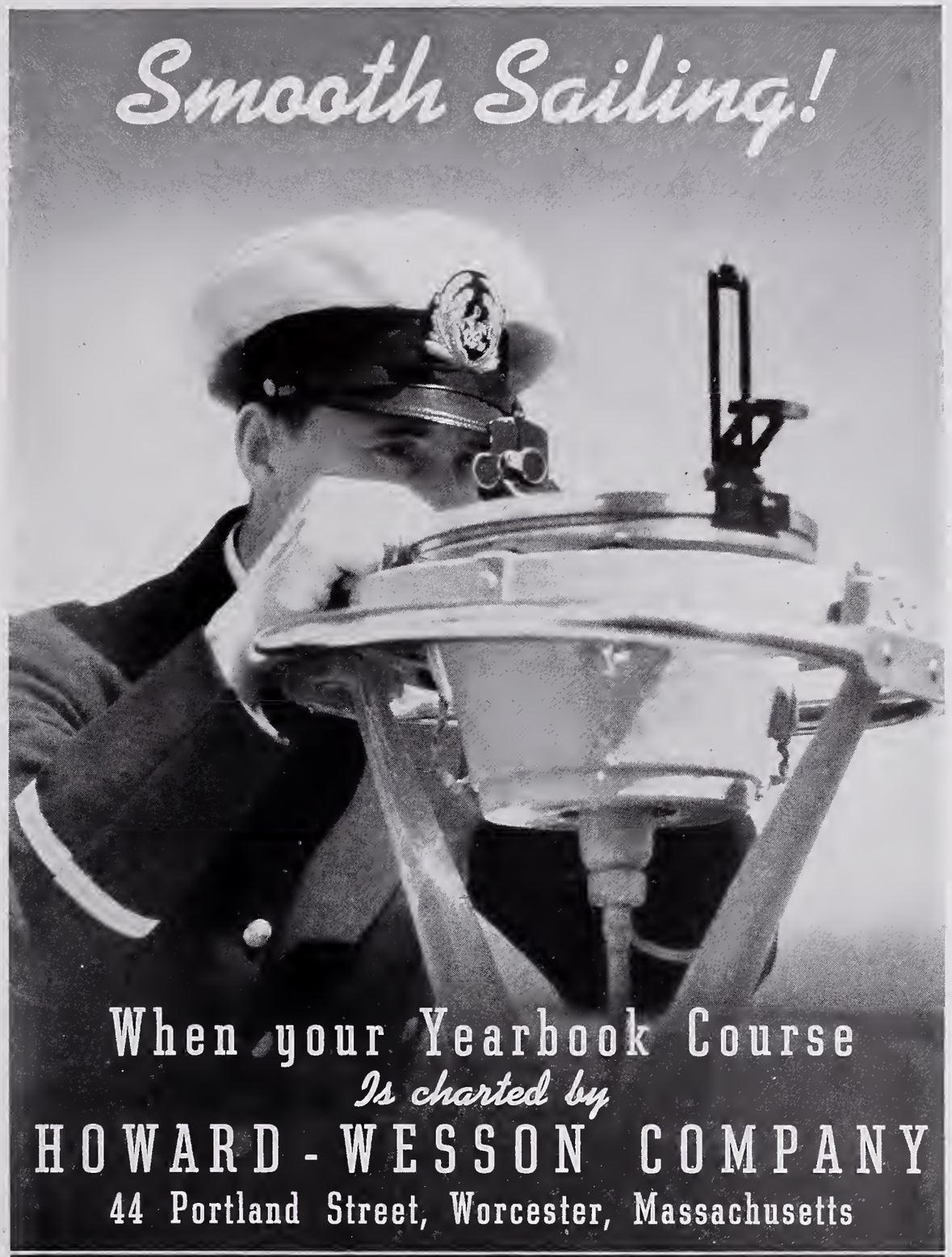

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